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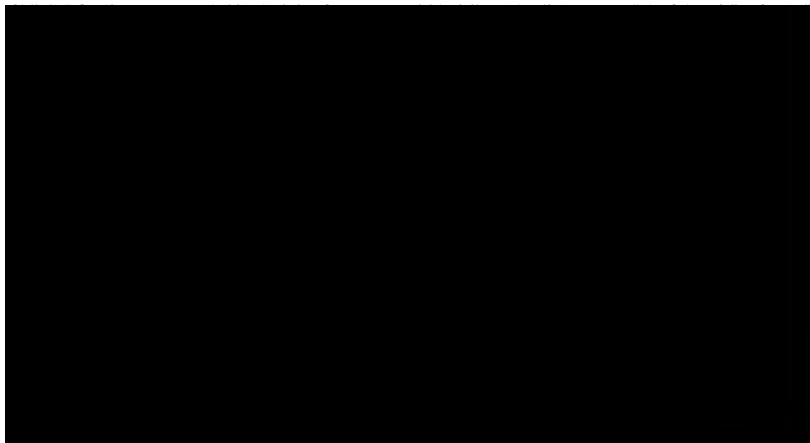
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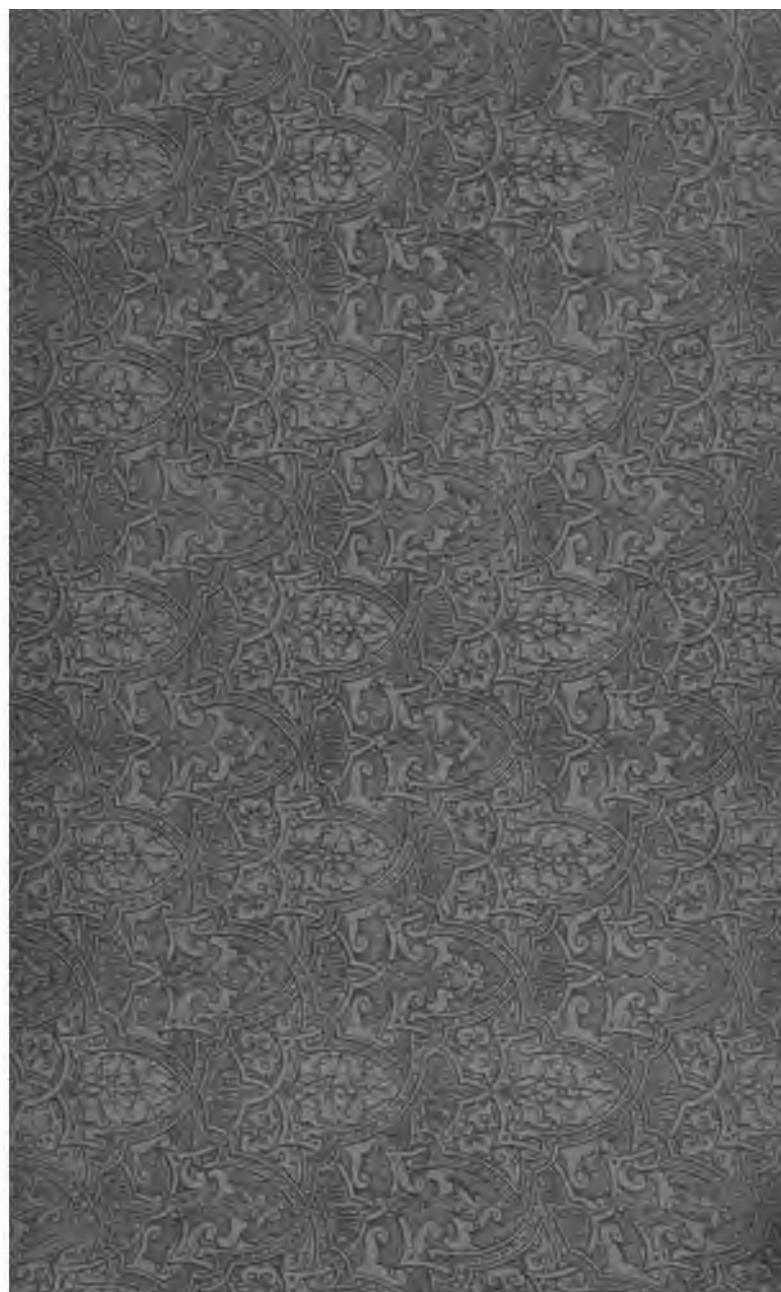
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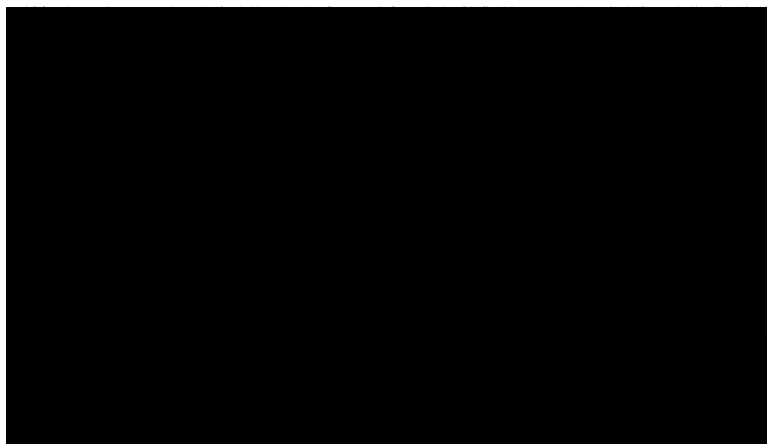
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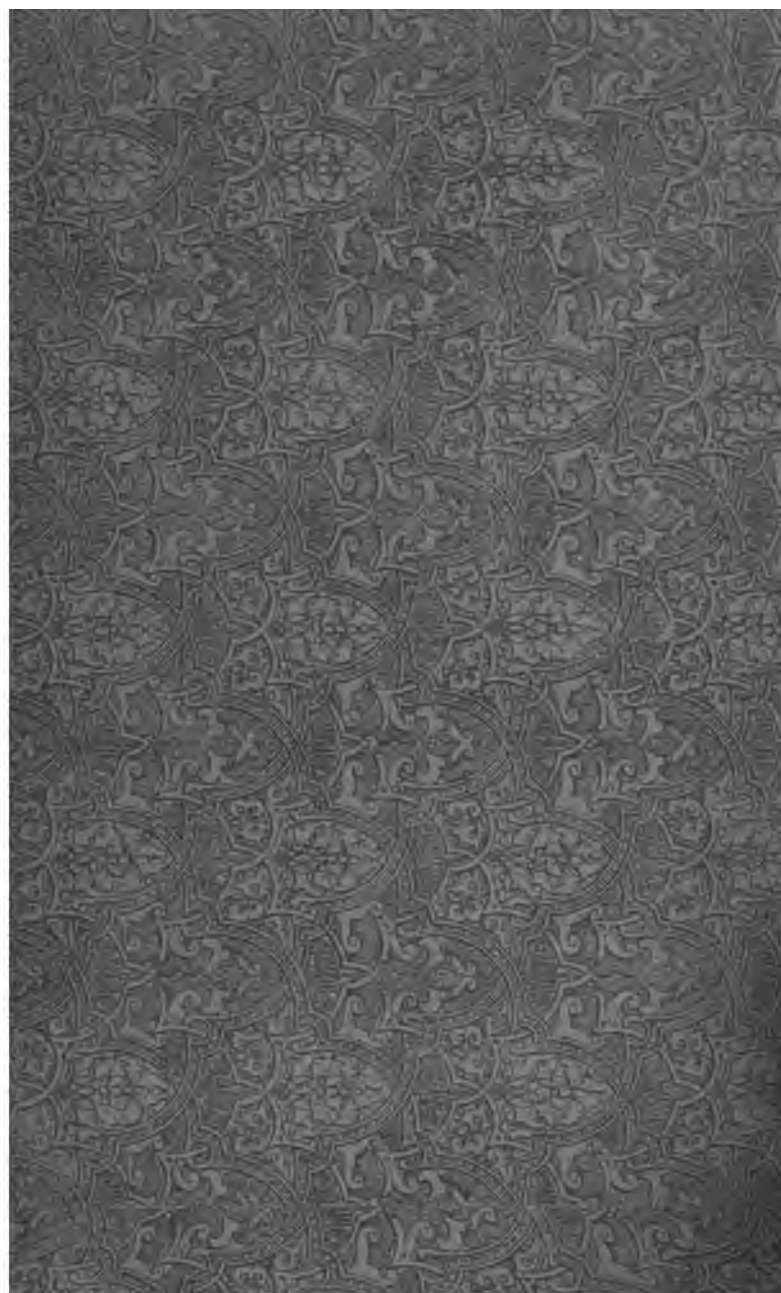
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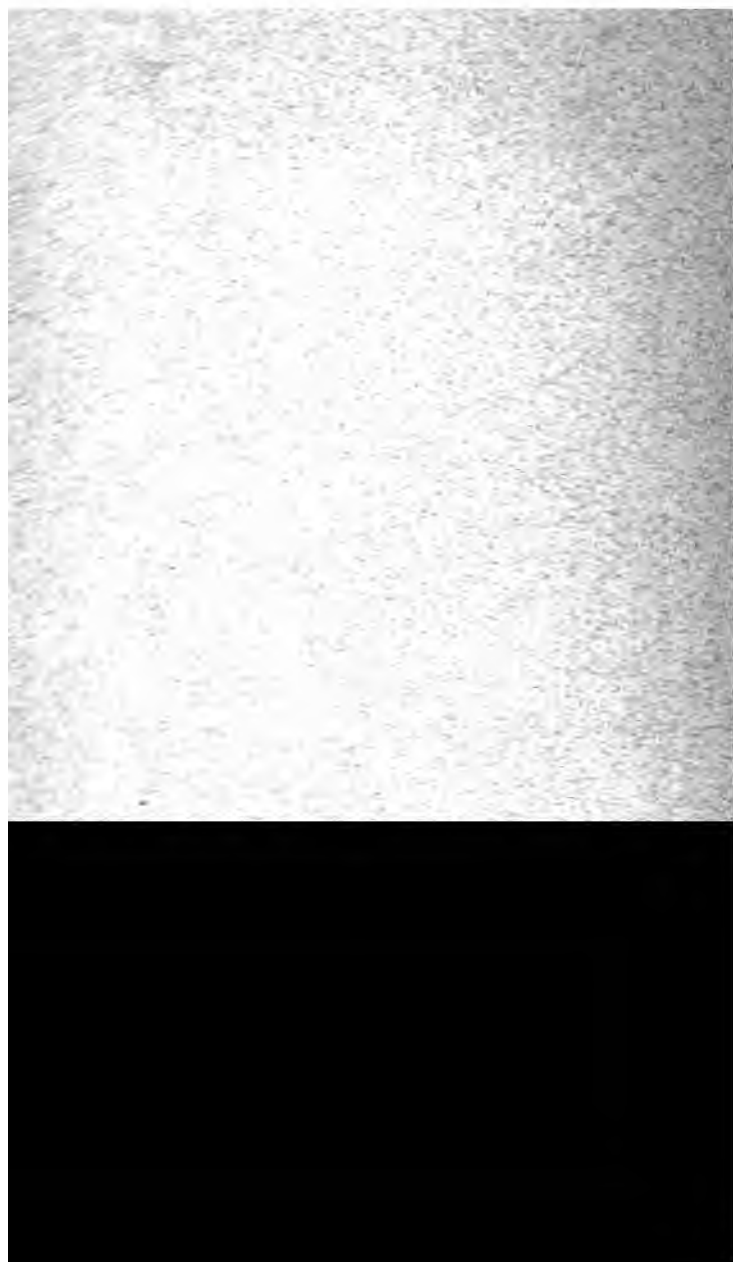
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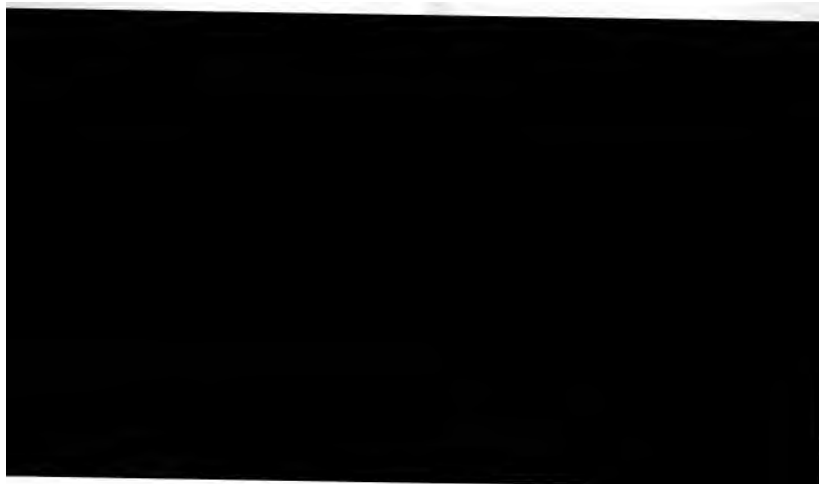


PIZARRO





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TZARRO CALLING UPON HIS COMRADES TO DECIDE.—p. 70

# PIZARRO

*HIS ADVENTURES AND CONQUESTS*

BY

GEORGE M. TOWLE

AUTHOR OF "VASCO DA GAMA"



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## PREFACE.

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HIS volume describes the travels and conquests of one of the most resolute and adventurous captains that any age has produced.

Pizarro was heroic in the indomitable energy with which he pursued his end; in the patience with which he bore hardships as terrible as ever man encountered; in the courage with which he assailed an empire containing millions of people, and having a vast and disciplined army, with a mere handful of resolute souls like himself; and in the vigour and genius with which, Peru once subdued, he founded and established the Spanish rule over the conquered nation.

That he invaded and conquered Peru from motives of ambition, and greed of gold, is but too true. It is probable that higher motives than these seldom entered his mind. Like all, or nearly all, the great captains of his time, he did not hesitate to carry wide-spread havoc among a peaceful race, to lay desolate a thriving land, to usurp a power to which he had not the shadow of a right, and to use means in achieving his purpose which were often barbarously

## CONTENTS.

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CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE RUNAWAYS . . . .	9
II. PIZARRO A SOLDIER . . . .	21
III. PIZARRO IN THE NEW WORLD . .	28
IV. THE GOLDEN LAND . . . .	41
V. PIZARRO'S DEPARTURE . . . .	55
VI. PIZARRO'S SECOND VENTURE . . .	67
VII. ON THE BORDERS OF PERU . . .	81
VIII. PIZARRO IN SPAIN . . . .	89
IX. THE THIRD EXPEDITION . . . .	97
X. PIZARRO INVADES PERU . . . .	110
XI. THE INCA'S COURT AND CAMP . .	124
XII. PIZARRO AT CAXAMALCA . . . .	135
XIII. ATAHUALPA A PRISONER . . . .	148

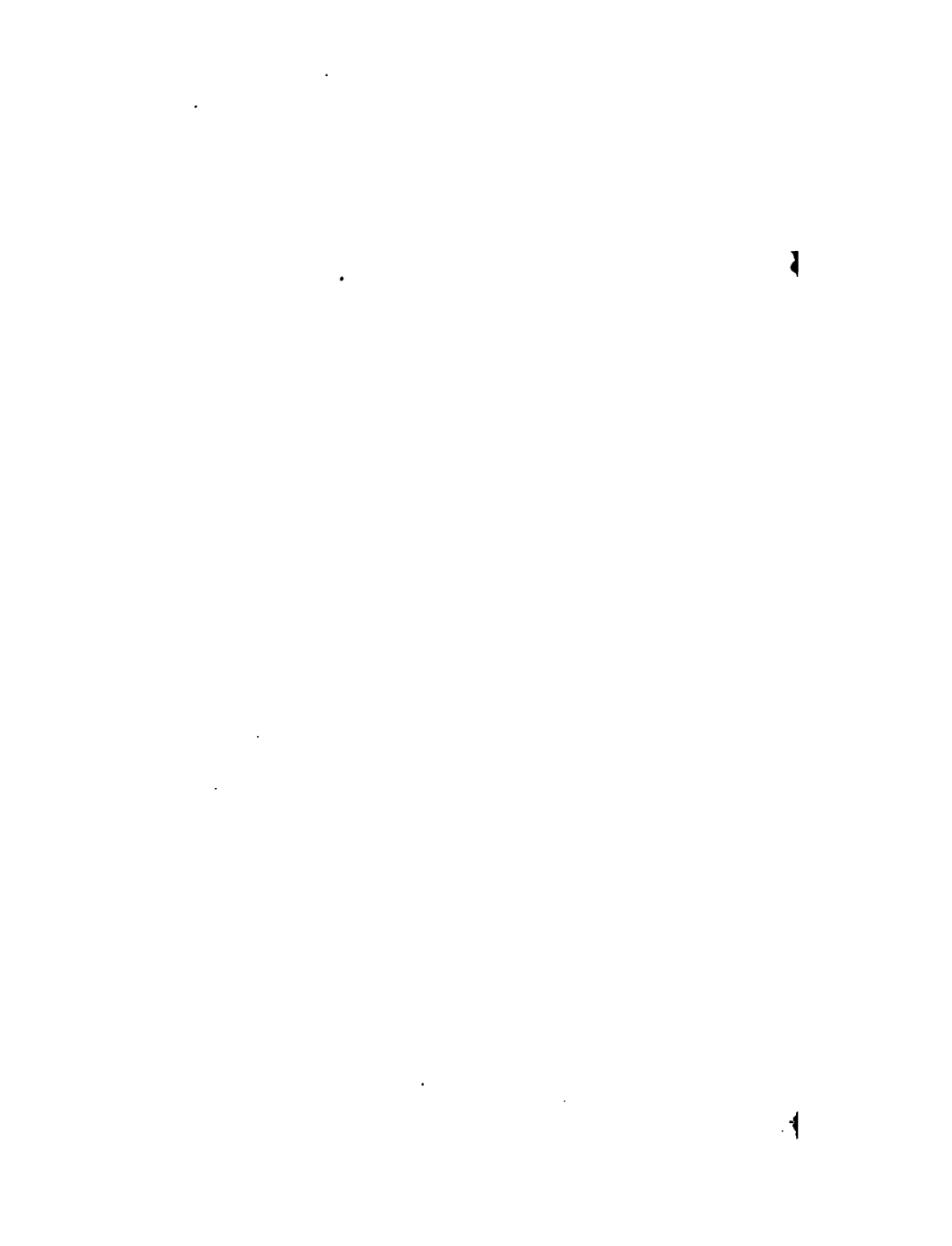
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and rapine is, that hi  
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Page	Chapter
1	THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD
10	THE CONQUEST OF PERU
20	THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INCAS
30	THE FOUNDATION OF LIMA
40	THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTH
50	THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH
60	THE CONQUEST OF THE WEST
70	THE CONQUEST OF THE EAST
80	THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTH
90	THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH







# PIZARRO:

## HIS ADVENTURES AND CONQUESTS.



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RUNAWAYS.

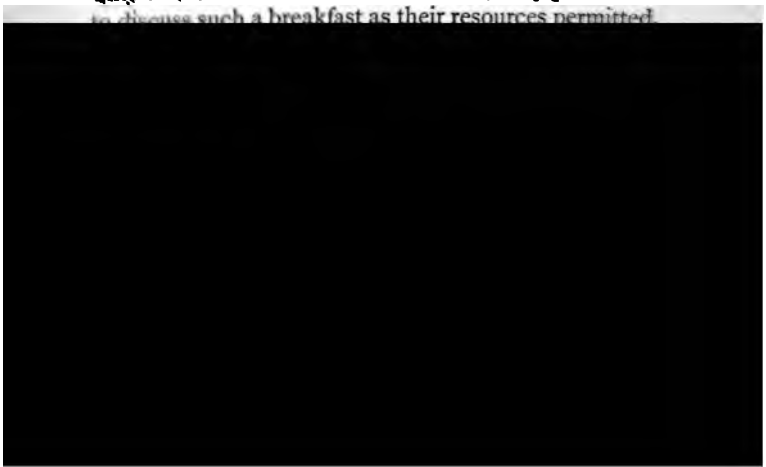
ON the early morning of a warm autumn day, not quite four hundred years ago, three lads, varying in age from thirteen to fifteen, were hurriedly climbing a rough and precipitous mountain-road in Central Spain. Every now and then, as they mounted higher, they would look anxiously back to see if they were followed; and, finding they were not, they continued their ascent with brisker steps and more cheerful countenances. Once in a while they came to a spot where an opening in the dense and luxuriant forest exposed to their view the broad plain, still veiled by a soft morning haze, which they had left a few hours before. Here they would stop, and strain their eyes in the direction they had come, as if to discern any pursuing figures who might appear in the road far below, which, so high were they above it, seemed like a narrow yellow thread winding amid the expanse of green.

## *Pizarro.*

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They were stalwart, dark-featured youths, with stout sinews and sturdy limbs, and serious, resolute faces; wearing the same rude apparel, which consisted of a coarse shirt, a loose jacket, short wide breeches fastened at the knees, rude sandals on their feet, and large, coarsely-woven woollen caps on their heads. Each carried a bundle on a stick, which he swung across his shoulder. As they pressed upward, they spoke but little: they not only wished to save their breath for the long tramp before them, but their thoughts were so deeply absorbed in their serious situation, that they were not disposed to be talkative.

At last they reached a steep and rugged cliff, the summit of which was almost bare, and from which, over the tops of the thick forest, they could clearly see the plain stretched out for miles till it faded near the misty horizon. They were tired and hungry; and, despite the danger of pursuit, they resolved to rest a while on this convenient crag. Throwing down their bundles, and lying upon the patches of moss which here and there covered the rock, they proceeded to discuss such a breakfast as their resources permitted.



instinctively towards the plain, and pointed out to each other the spots familiar to them all.

"Look!" said one, a trifle taller than the others, whom they called Francisco: "you can plainly see the old citadel there on the right; and there is the old wall, and the town on the side of the hill; and you can just catch a glimpse of the big castle of the duke, or at least its great square western tower; and that little open place is our broad plaza. What a distance we must be from Truxillo, every thing looks so small! I wonder how many miles we have come."

"Oh!" exclaimed the youngest of the three, "and can't you see, Francisco, just this side of the town, the round hill where our homes are? they must be those huts midway up the slope: and still farther this way are the fields where we used to tend the swine."

"We have done with that for ever, thank Heaven!" cried Francisco heartily. "No more tending of swine for us. Gonzalo and Juan must do my share henceforth, as well as their own. Bah! what a dog's life! But we are leaving it, and are going out into the great world to seek our fortunes. We will be soldiers, and fight our way to fame and power. We will go across the seas to the beautiful lands which the brave Columbus found, and where we will surely become great and rich."

The third, who had not yet spoken, and whose name was Pedro, sat and listened with a rather gloomy face. At last he said,—

"But think what we must go through before we so much as begin! We haven't a marco among us, and still we must get to Seville somehow. It is, old Lopez



they talked, as they went, about the miseries of the past, and the bright and glowing hopes they had formed of the future.

Ere many hours they reached the summit of the Guadalupe Mountains ; and it was with a sigh of relief that they reflected, that instead of climbing upward, sometimes over steep cliffs and near dangerous fissures, they would now descend by a gradual winding road to the green and sunny valleys they could just discern far below them.

Persuaded that, when once they had placed the mountains between them and the wretched homes they had left, they would be secure from pursuit, and free to pursue the journey at their leisure, they bounded down the road, now singing a verse of some rude peasant-song, now running a race to see which would first reach a certain tree or a bend in the road, now leaping lightly across a roaring mountain-brook. They soon found themselves in the midst of luxuriant fields of wheat and rye, and crossing turfy hillside pastures where flocks of sheep were quietly grazing. Then they came upon olive-groves, interspersed with thick-hanging vineyards, upon which the luscious and now just ripe clusters hung temptingly. There were grapes of every hue and size ; and our wanderers did not hesitate to eat their fill of the juicy fruit, their hunger having been once more sharpened by the long tramp they had taken since their breakfast on the crag.

It was now very hot, and the boys rested a while under the dense shade of a copse of chestnuts. But their young spirits soon rose again, and they pushed on towards a straggling hamlet which they perceived

### *Pizarro.*

---

... a mile or two down the road. The  
... consisted of a few peasant-huts : and above it  
... upon which stood the ruins of a once  
... castle. No sooner did Francisco  
... than he proposed that they should seek  
... its crumbling walls for the night. They  
... climb the hill, though they were now so  
... they could scarcely drag one leg after the  
... they encountered a rough-looking peasant  
... from his day's work in the fields. He  
... at the wanderers, and then asked  
... where they came from, and whither they were

... frankly replied that they had run away  
... beyond the mountains, that they  
... way to Seville to enlist in the wars, and  
... to spend the night in the castle-ruin.  
... looked more curiously at them than  
... smile gradually spread over his sun-  
... he replied,—

... of your going up there. Come home

... but yonder. You shall have a bundle



"God give you luck ! and, if you ever get to be great captains, don't forget the night you spent in my hut."

Day after day they continued to trudge bravely along with their little bundles on their backs, picking up what bits of food they could in the villages through which they passed, regaling themselves on the grapes and other fruit they found plentifully by the wayside, and resting by night wherever they happened to be when the sun disappeared behind the hills.


Usually they were obliged to content themselves with meagre fare, and even to go many hours without eating. Sometimes, however, they would be treated to goat's flesh and goat's milk by friendly peasants whom they met on the way ; now and then the goat-herds would regale them with a choice bit of cheese, which they ate with great gusto with bread and onions or garlic ; and once, at a hospitable village inn, they were made very grand by being invited to eat an omelet in the kitchen. Once in a while they obtained a ride on a cart or a donkey ; at other times they were gruffly refused this favour, and were forced to walk for miles through the hot sun with aching sides and blistered feet. Francisco, however, inspired his companions with his own buoyant and dauntless spirits. When they faltered, he urged them on again by picturing in glowing colours the stirring destiny before them, and by shaming them with his anger at their cowardice.

They had been travelling thus for some days, when one afternoon they came in sight of a large town,—a larger town than either of them had ever seen

beings. It nestled close upon the sloping banks of a wide swift river, which the wanderers could see appearing and disappearing in sparkling patches among the trees for miles away. Above the town rose a busy castle, its huge towers hung thick with ivy and other parasites, and its battlements looming stern and grim above the river: on another hill stood a long low building, which the boys easily recognised as a convent: near the convent was a prison; while above the group of closely-built houses appeared the spires of two churches.

The sight of this large town caused them to hasten their pace: and they briskly pushed forward, and entered its narrow streets. On asking a passer-by, they learned that the place was Merida, and that the wide river which flowed by it was the Guadiana, one of the largest streams in Spain.

Francisco, ignorant as he was, knew something at least of the geography of his native country. With cheery voice he told his mates that they had gone almost a third of the way from Truxillo to Seville, and that the most difficult part of the journey was that



pranced across the plaza ; all the more eagerly when they learned that these cavaliers were on their way to the wars in Italy. They listened to the playing of lutes, and singing, which were going on in front of a quaint old inn just by the river ; and admiringly watched the boats as they shot swiftly to and fro on the stream.

It was dusk before, utterly worn out with fatigue, they bethought themselves of their hunger, and the necessity of finding a shelter for the night. As they were in a large town, with no money, they despaired of obtaining the hearty meal they craved : so, choosing a secluded nook on the river-bank, they contented themselves with a few chestnuts and grapes which they had taken care to stow away in their bundles.

Then they looked about them for a resting-place. There was one, happily, near at hand. About a quarter of a mile off they observed a large circular edifice, so lofty that even in the deepening dusk they could perceive that it was not an ordinary building, and that, moreover, it appeared to be a ruin.

Passing once more into the narrow zigzag streets, then up a rather steep hill, and across a bridge spanning a stream which ran into the Guadiana, they soon reached the structure. Entering it by a very high and wide portal, they found themselves in a large circular space choked with weeds and rubbish. Around this space, which was roofless, and open to the air above, were built rows of stone seats, rising one behind the other : these, too, were overgrown and tangled with a profusion of wild shrubs and vines. In this enclosure they easily found a convenient spot.

winding amid the meadows or dashing down from the hills, were passed in quick succession.

The boys did not hurry after leaving Merida ; for they were now confident of not being pursued, and they felt sure of food and shelter the rest of the way. The world was all before them, and they knew that there was plenty of time at their disposal.

Their tramp was now all the more enjoyable, as they came more frequently upon towns and villages, and met more people going to and fro. Often they encountered a train of pack-mules carrying grain or fruit ; now a flock of shaggy merino-sheep going from Castile into their own province,—Estremadura ; sometimes whole colonies of peasants—men, women, babies, donkeys, and all—going to reap the harvests in the lowlands ; and once in a while a troop of bravely caparisoned soldiers on their way to join the armies of King Ferdinand.

There yet remained one more mountain range to cross,—that of the Sierra Morena. But it was less lofty than that of the Guadalupe ; and besides, they felt that they might make the ascent as leisurely as they pleased. They had now no pursuers to fear, no cruel punishment to dread.

They crossed the Sierra Morena, and once more descended into valleys lovely to the eye, and fragrant with luxuriant and ripening fruit. They heard with delight that the greater part of their journey had been passed, and that, by pushing resolutely forward, they would ere long reach their destination.

So it proved. About noon one day they came in sight of the spires and domes of the celebrated city,

which glittered afar in the sunlight, and which they had undergone so much to reach. The noble steeple of the great cathedral, the largest in the world save St. Peter's at Rome, rose high above the other buildings ; and the boys exclaimed in wonder at beholding it. The vast palace of the Alcazar too, which looked as if it were a mile long, and was flanked by great square towers, was eagerly pointed out and gazed at. Their long journey was at last ended ; and as they entered the ancient, winding streets, threading their way amidst crowds of people attired in every variety and colour of costume, past balconied dwellings and fragrant gardens, across the spacious square with its splashing fountain, and under the shadow of the lofty cathedral, they declared that they had never imagined so grand and beautiful a city to exist in all the world.



## CHAPTER II.

## PIZARRO A SOLDIER.

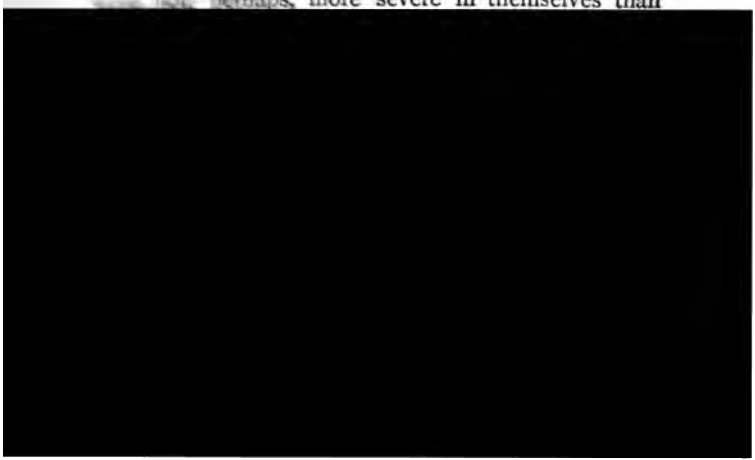
MY readers may have guessed that the bravest and most determined of the runaways was no other than the hero of this book. It was indeed Francisco Pizarro, destined to become one of the most famous conquerors and adventurers the world has seen, who thus ran away from his wretched home in Truxillo, induced two boys as badly treated as himself to go with him, and travelled on foot to Seville to take part in the exciting and perilous events of his time.

Pizarro, at the time of his escape, was about fifteen years old. From his earliest recollection he had known nothing but cruelty, drudgery, and hardship. His father, Gonzalo Pizarro, was not only a gentleman of wealth and good descent, but a brave soldier, who had fought with gallantry and distinction in the wars; but his mother was a humble and ignorant peasant, who, it is said, gave birth to Francisco on the steps of a church, took him to the wretched hovel which was her home, and reared him in her own condition of life. Francisco's illegitimate birth was a stigma of which he was forced to suffer the penalty. While he

### *Pizarro.*

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For the first time, Pizarro, he was not admitted as his son. The haughty father assumed a child born in disgrace ; and the boy was consigned to his mother's care. He dread of poverty, to grow up amid the squalid surroundings in ignorance and privation, to follow the vocation of a swineherd. As soon as he could walk, he was set to taking care of the pigs, and this he continued to do, until, rebellious at his fate, and inspired with a fiery ambition, he resolved to leave the harsh past life behind, and carve out a future for himself. He knew but few of the joys of childhood. He was made the pigs from dawn till dark ; to subsist on a scanty allowance of the coarsest food ; to sleep at night on a floor of cobble-stones thinly strewn with hay ; to be mercilessly beaten at the slightest neglect of his task ; and to continue this life could day after day, and month after month. This had been the almost unbroken tenor of his existence. The hardships and ill treatment he suffered were, perhaps, more severe in themselves than



after day, to tasks which were revolting to him, but from which he could not escape. There were schools at Truxillo ; but poor Francisco, though he ardently longed to learn something, never attended school a day. Fiercely in after-years did he curse those who in his youth had denied him the boon of even a little knowledge ; and bitterly did he lament, when a great conqueror and ruler, that he had never been taught to read or write.

It happened, that while he was pursuing with fiery impatience, and anger in his heart, the detested round of his daily task, an event took place which thrilled his whole soul with ambition, and cast a bright ray of hope through the deep gloom of his life. A rough, weather-beaten sailor arrived in Truxillo, bringing with him wonderful news. Young Pizarro, as it chanced, fell in with this sailor, and heard his story ; and he listened to it with beating heart. A new land, the sailor said, had been discovered : he had seen it with his own eyes. -He had sailed with a great Italian captain, named Christopher Columbus, far across the unknown seas. Sometimes, amid terrific storms, they had thought that they would be lost ; but at last they had reached a beautiful land smiling with plenty, and rich beyond conjecture, it was thought, in gold, silver, and precious stones. This land was believed to be a part of Asia, but a part unknown, at least, before ; and he had returned with Columbus to tell the marvellous story of its discovery and its wealth. The sailor gave a glowing account of all that he had seen : he described the perils and excitements of the voyage,



and then he began to speak with his tales of "Land!  
Land!" in the manner of the sailors. In this fashion he told  
of the island of "Land!" and the shout of "Land!  
Land!" and then he began to sing to ship; he  
sang of the "Land!" and the "Land!" sights he had  
seen, and he sang of the "Land!" relating how  
he had seen the "Land!" at Cadiz and  
how he had seen the "Land!" where other  
people had seen the "Land!" and he tried out for  
the "Land!"

to what he heard  
the questions, and listened  
he turned the pigs by  
the had heard; and at  
and exciting  
attended his slumbers.  
of his courage and  
his mind that he  
Quarro had long  
soldier. As news of  
to his remote home,

to arrive when he might hope to escape. It came at last ; and, as we have seen, he succeeded in reaching Seville with his friends.


They had not been long in the city before they saw many signs of military preparation. Troops of soldiers were constantly passing through the streets, and the transports in the river were actively getting ready to depart for the theatre of war. The boys were alone and penniless, and Seville was less hospitable than the rustic hamlets through which they had passed. The sight of the soldiers, too, in their gay attire and bravery of weapons and armour, re-kindled the ardour of Pizarro, and made him impatient to become one of them. Though but fifteen, he was tall, stalwart, and resolute ; and he had only to make known his wish to join the king's forces to be admitted into the ranks. The three companions now separated, each going his own way ; and it was with tearful grief that they parted from each other.

The war in which Spain was then engaged was going on in Southern Italy. The good king and queen, Ferdinand and Isabella (the same who had not long before so generously aided Columbus in his expedition of discovery across the Atlantic), had a cousin, whose name was also Ferdinand, and who was the rightful king of Naples. He had been driven from his kingdom, however, by the French, who claimed it as theirs by right. Ferdinand, driven from Naples, appealed for aid to his Spanish cousins ; and they hastened to take up arms in his defence. They sent a powerful army to Italy under the command of Gonsalvo de Cordova, who was called " the

### *Fizarro.*

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Because he was one of the most promising generals of his time. The fighting the French in Italy at the time he was enlisting at Seville. The adventurer soon found himself arrayed against a private, and in due time, carefully drilled, went with his regiment one of the transports. Eager to see conflict, he impatiently awaited its coming the sails were spread, and the fleet down the Guadalquivir, and out to sea. As the Straits of Gibraltar were reached Fizarro saw the coast of his native land disappear, and for the first time was in sight of land. The scene of war just in time to take part in the battles, and to share in the brilliant successes of the great Captain over his French enemies. His bravery and great strength of mind with which he fought, and the endurance with which he underwent tedious marches and the privations and hardships of



monotony of barracks life. As soon as he found that there was little prospect of further active service, his thoughts once more turned towards the new world in the West. There, at least, there would be occupation for his sword, and scope for his ambition. He longed for a life of bold adventure, of perpetual danger, and desperate conflict. As he heard the oft-repeated story of the beauty and riches of the far-off land, and of the chances it offered for conquest, power, and wealth, he burned to cross the ocean, and try his fortunes where so many seemed to prosper.

The expedition of Rodrigo de Bastides, which had sailed to South America in search of gold and pearls, had returned to Cadiz laden with precious stores; and, not long after, four ships commanded by Alonzo Quintezo had set out for the Western Continent, one of which had carried Cortez, destined to conquer the empire of Mexico.

At last opportunity favoured Pizarro's aspirations. It was reported that an expedition would soon depart from Cadiz for Hispaniola, the commander of which needed a number of resolute men accustomed to arms, and willing to submit to the rude and perilous life of military adventure on the chance of winning wealth and fame. Pizarro hastened to join the party, to offer his sword and his life to the enterprise, and to embark upon one of the ships. In a few days the little fleet was tossing on the tempestuous billows of the Atlantic; and, after a long and stormy voyage, its destination was safely reached.

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beauty of the islands had induced colonies to settle upon them, and had caused governments to be established under the authority of the Spanish crown.

Pizarro entered into the schemes of conquest which were constantly being planned around him with all the passionate ardour of his nature. He felt his own capacity to command, and he was determined to lose no chance of bettering his fortunes. His zeal and ability were soon observed and recognized. He was sought after by the chiefs of the expeditions to the mainlands, and ere long became a favourite with the soldiers, who, when he led them, learned to repose the most implicit confidence in him.

One of the boldest of the Spaniards at Hispaniola was a cavalier named Alonzo de Ojeda. He was famous for the spirit with which he assailed the armies of the natives, and the valour with which he often defeated them at overwhelming odds. A part of the mainland, on the Isthmus of Darien, had been divided into two provinces ; and of one of these provinces Ojeda was appointed the governor. He knew Pizarro's courage and enterprise, and proposed that he should go with him to the province as second in command. The offer was just what Pizarro wished. He accepted it without hesitation, and shortly after sailed from Hispaniola with Ojeda and his little army.

On reaching the coast of the isthmus, Ojeda resolved to land at a place called by the Spaniards Carthagená, after the ancient town of that name in their own country. But one of his officers, De Coza, who had before visited the coast, warned him by no means to do so. The natives, he said, were very warlike, and

where reside the Spaniards. They were, moreover, very numerous in that region, and would soon make an end of Ojeda's little party. This news, far from dissuading the fearless governor, only made him the more resolute to go on shore; and Pizarro, who was as generous of fear as his chief, gave his voice in favour of the venture. No sooner had the Spaniards landed than De Coza's prediction was realized. Thousands of Indians poured down from the hills and charged upon the crosses, and assailed the intruders with the wildest ferocity. De Coza himself was the first to fall. Before an hour had passed, no less than seventy Spaniards lay dead on the shore. The rest were driven back to their ships. But Ojeda, having been surrounded by the savages, with his giant's arm cut his way through them, and escaped, half dead with wounds, to the shelter of the woods. He was found the next day by a party of his men who had ventured upon shore to seek for him, and was carried, fainting, to his vessel.

He set sail at once, and did not again land until he had reached his new colony at San Sebastian. Here,

of his departure he called Pizarro, and confided to him the command of the colony until he should return. But misfortune followed the poor little colony to the end. To crown their misfortunes, Ojeda, failing to get the succour he hoped for, never went back, but died soon after in extreme poverty and neglect. For fifty weary days Pizarro and his companions waited, expecting every day to see the welcome sails which would bring them relief. They subsisted mainly on palm-nuts and the flesh of wild hogs, which, though plentiful, were far from being healthful food; and every week saw their number lessened by disease and the poisoned arrows of the Indians.

Pizarro, indeed, would have returned to Hispaniola sooner than he did, had it not been that there was but one small ship left to him, and the colony was at first too numerous to be transported on it: so he waited until death had so far reduced their number as to enable him to embark with all the survivors.

A still more perilous expedition soon after attracted the ambition of Pizarro. Balboa, the captain-general of the colony of Darien, having heard through friendly natives that there existed a vast sea on the western side of the isthmus, determined to penetrate to its shores. He picked out one hundred and ninety of his bravest and sturdiest soldiers, armed them with arquebuses, swords, and crossbows, and added to his forces a number of bloodhounds, which were of great though cruel service in fighting against the Indians. It is said that Balboa himself had a favourite bloodhound, which dealt such havoc among the savages, that, whenever the plunder was divided, a portion was



the young man. His name was Leoncico; and Leoncico, seeing the Indians, that as soon as he made his appearance, with Balboa as one of his lieutenants, he gave as well as the dangers of this journey. The first part of the journey was very dangerous. There was no road, and the men were obliged to move slowly, and to halt every hour. The arms of the soldiers and the horses made the ascent difficult. When the mountains passed, they descended into a valley, and now and then encountered a river, which could only be crossed on a narrow bridge. A friendly chief, named Balboa, and armed as his men emerged from the woods, they were all accompanied. Henry was travelling steadily, and he was content to follow the path of the Indians, who had remained the



the Europeans. They were assailed with great ferocity, the Indians showering spears, arrows, and clubs upon them. But these Indians had never heard or seen a gun go off; and when Pizarro, leading on the men, ordered them to fire, and the volley with its flash and smoke thundered upon the savages, they ran shrieking and howling away. No less than six hundred of them, including their chief, were killed; and, their rout being complete, the Spaniards entered their village unopposed, and found not only an abundance of food, but a rare treasure of gold and jewels.

Balboa, on resuming his way toward the mountain, left a number of his men behind in the Indian village. His force was now reduced to sixty-seven. He was still accompanied by his faithful lieutenant, Pizarro.

It was just at daybreak, on a bright September morning, that the adventurers, guided by Ponca and other friendly Indians, began their ascent of the mountain. There was no path; and at first their march lay through dense woods, so tangled with brush that the men stumbled at almost every step. After several hours, however, they emerged from this wood into open and rocky ground, where they could mount far more easily. It was so cold here, that vegetation could not grow. Just before them towered in solitary grandeur a lofty, bare, jagged peak, far above the surrounding eminences. This was the peak, from the summit of which, Ponca said, the ocean could be seen.

Balboa, with throbbing heart, gazed long at the mighty crag. If it were indeed true that another ocean was visible from its crest, he would be its discoverer,

at which he was known and honoured throughout the world.

"My men," he said, "do you rest here. I must ascend alone to the summit. My eyes must be the first to behold the vast ocean which rolls beyond."

He then walked forward and began to climb lightly and lightly up the precipitous cliffs; while his companions watched him with breathless interest from below. Ere long his sturdy figure was seen standing on the summit, his plumes waving in the upper air.

Before him, in truth, lay spread out the limitless waters to the dim horizon. The waves dashed with a roar and rush against the crags at the foot of the mountain; and, looking to the east and the west, he could discern rich and beautiful lands stretching down to the water's edge.

His first impulse was to fall upon his knees, lift his hands heavenward, and thank God for his good name. Then he rose, and excitedly beckoned to his companions to come up to him. They darted forward and scrambled wildly up the rocks, Pizarro at

planted on the very spot where he stood when he first beheld the ocean.

The Spaniards now descended the mountain, bent on exploring the shores of the Pacific. They here and there encountered savage and hostile tribes, but, with their guns and their bloodhounds, easily overcame them.

After meeting with many adventures on the coast, naming several bays and towns, visiting the villages of friendly chiefs, collecting a goodly amount of gold and gems, and taking possession of the country in the name of the king, Balboa, with Pizarro, returned in safety and triumph across the isthmus to Darien.

The tidings of his discoveries caused the greatest excitement in the colony, and the treasure he brought aroused the envy of all who saw it.

Soon after Balboa's arrival at Darien, a new governor of that settlement, named Pedrarias, came from Spain to take Balboa's place. Balboa, instead of resisting him, as he might have done, welcomed him with due honour; but as soon as Pedrarias, who was vain and ambitious, heard of the gallant cavalier's great achievements, and the affection and respect in which he was held in the colony, he became very jealous. When Balboa told him of all that he had done, and proposed to lead a new expedition to the shores of the Pacific, Pedrarias pretended to consent to the project; but no sooner had Balboa set about his preparations than the governor gruffly refused to let him go, and even threatened to arrest and throw him into prison.

Pedrarias coveted the glory of future discoveries, and the lion's share of the treasure that might be

Darien across the isthmus, and chose what is now known as Panama as the future capital of the province.

Pizarro went with the governor ; and, having now become well to do with his share of the booty obtained in the expeditions whose perils he had shared, he bought a house and lands near Panama, was served by a retinue of Indian servants, and was held in high distinction as one of the cavaliers who had taken a conspicuous part in conquering and settling the country.

But a quiet and monotonous life, though prosperous and attended with ease and comfort, did not satisfy the bold and adventurous spirit of our hero. He could not settle down with content into the placid career of a gentleman farmer. He longed for the stirring actions of the battle-field, for the hazards and excitements of wandering through wild, strange lands, discovering unknown seas and nations, and procuring, at the risk of life, the treasures hidden beyond difficult and dangerous journeyings. As he overlooked his fields and flocks, he pondered on the marvellous stories he had heard oft repeated, of countries beyond the coast, which faded, as he looked, in the dim distance—countries where there were temples filled with massive ornaments of gold and jewels, and which would reward their conqueror with fabulous riches and unlimited power and glory. He dreamed by day and by night visions of a possible future, in which he should act a leading part in brilliant discovery, and the acquisition of unguessed treasures ; when men would speak of him as they spoke of his gallant chief

obtained, for himself. So he fitted out an expedition of his own, and gave the command to a cousin of his named Morales ; but, as Morales was quite ignorant of the country and the Indians, Pendrarias was forced to choose some one familiar with both, to share the command with him.

Pizarro was selected for this office, and in due time the expedition set forth across the isthmus. They reached the shores of the Pacific in safety. Pizarro, who had already been on that part of the coast, pointed out to Morales a group of islands, lying far out to sea, where, he had heard it reported, a great quantity of pearls might be obtained. Leaving half of their force on the mainland, the two chiefs set off in canoes for the islands with the rest. The canoes were several times nearly capsized ; but the largest island was at last reached, and the adventurers landed. The natives, who had perceived them coming, and who had guessed that they were not bent on an errand of peace, fiercely attacked them ; and it was only after much hard fighting that the Spaniards were able to make their position on the island secure. They then

its condition was such, that it might be conquered by a band of determined and fearless warriors.

Pizarro listened to this story with beating heart. He could no longer resist the impulse to stake life, health, and fortune in a new and great enterprise. Unhappily, though rich enough to live in comfort at Panama, he had not the means to fit out ships and store them, to hire and equip a large number of men, and to provide for a long absence from the colony. In this strait he looked about him to see if he could find any one to join him in the expense and risk of an expedition. Happily, Andagoya's tale had aroused the ambition and cupidity of others in Panama besides Pizarro.

Among those who became eager to explore the southern seas was a generous-hearted and honest though quick-tempered cavalier, named Diego de Almagro. He was a man of position and note; and no sooner had Pizarro proposed an expedition to him than Almagro readily agreed to join in his project. The two then resorted to a rich and ambitious priest, Hernando du Luque, the vicar of Panama, whom they urged to unite with them in the undertaking, and to furnish the necessary funds for buying, equipping, and manning the ships. Luque readily yielded to their entreaty, agreed to supply the money, and to accept his share of the booty which might be taken by the expedition as repayment. Pizarro and Almagro next resorted to Pedrarias, the governor, who, in spite of his jealousy, gave his sanction to the enterprise.

Preparations were begun without delay. To

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## CHAPTER IV.

## THE GOLDEN LAND.

LET us transport ourselves in fancy beyond the mighty barrier of the Cordilleras, and observe the mysterious land which had kindled Pizarro's ambition, and to reach and subdue which he was ready to brave every peril, and make every sacrifice.

It was indeed a marvellous country, exceeding in many respects the most glowing pictures of the savages who had described it to Andagoya—a country most fertile, romantic in scenery, with a skillfully-devised government, noble edifices, aqueducts, roads, and bridges, and actually teeming with wealth.

Extending through thirty-nine degrees from north to south on the west coast of South America, Peru presented, as it still presents, an exceedingly curious and striking aspect to the traveller. A very narrow strip of land, fifteen hundred miles from north to south, and in its widest part only about sixty miles, stretched along the coast of the Pacific, and was bounded on the east by the lofty and apparently unbroken chain of the snow-crested Cordilleras, which shut it completely out from the continent beyond.

The empire of Peru, indeed, extended to the other

one of the mountains: on its western side, and at  
 larger cities and towns, were built the long narrow  
 roads between the mountains and the ocean.

The country about Lima did not seem fitted for  
 cultivation. The soil near the coast was sandy, and  
 was separated by wide fertile space between the  
 steep barren hills and the jagged and jagged sides  
 of the mountains.

At Lima the people sometimes been inhabited by  
 a people of a different race. Aqueducts,  
 roads, and bridges had been constructed; the sides  
 of the mountains had been transformed by long and  
 narrow roads, which, rising one above  
 another, could reach, supported  
 by the steep sides, not in the fruits, flowers,  
 and in the almost every degree of  
 the mountains, while over the pastures  
 were the snaggly Peruvian sheep, the  
 which had never been seen by Europeans until  
 Pizarro and his little army.

Among the lofty crags and  
 on the sloping plain, nestled thrifty

It was said that the Sun, in order to give prosperity and civilization to his chosen people, had sent his son and daughter among them to give them a knowledge of the arts, by which they might increase in riches, population, and power.

The names of this celestial brother and sister were Manco Capac and Mama Oello. While the brother, having founded his capital at Cuzco, in the centre of the country, instructed the Peruvian men how to cultivate their farms and gardens, to supply themselves with water, to build roads, and to erect temples, the sister, Mama Oello, took the women under her tutelage, and taught them the feminine arts of weaving, spinning, housekeeping, and the proper bringing-up of children.

Thus the empire of Peru, according to tradition, was founded by the children of the Sun. The Incas were their descendants. The son of Manco Capac succeeded to the throne of his celestial father ; and so the realm had passed down without a break, from father to son, to the time of Pizarro. They had not confined themselves to the dominions of Manco Capac, but by continual wars had made many conquests, until their empire occupied the great extent of country which was ruled by the Peruvian monarch when the Spaniards came.

The name "Inca" was applied not only to the reigning sovereign, but to all the descendants of Manco Capac. Thus there had grown up a numerous nobility, or caste, all of whom boasted their sacred origin from the Sun, and who held all the high places, military and civil, in the state.

## Pizarro.

~~His education~~ of Peru was carefully trained  
~~in the~~ He was obliged to pass through  
~~the~~ study : to become skilful in wrest-  
~~ling~~ and in the use of warlike  
~~arms~~ to prove in severe examinations his  
~~power~~ over the empire. When once upon  
~~the~~ his power was absolute. Being  
~~comparable~~ to the Sun, he was placed far above his  
~~people~~ his word was a divine law.

~~His~~ nobles could not appear in his  
~~presence~~ standing, with uncovered head and  
~~his~~ carrying a burden as a sign of their  
~~low~~

~~He~~ not only the monarch, but the high  
~~chief~~ He imposed religious doctrines  
~~and~~ laws. He took care, moreover, to  
~~impress~~ his unapproachable greatness upon  
~~them~~ Whenever he appeared among them, it  
~~was~~ with dazzling pomp and imposing cere-  
~~monies~~ in rich cloths of many hues, glittering  
~~with~~ jewels, his brow encircled with a bright  
~~coronet~~ from which arose two enormous plumes

wood, and would not have been struck by its appearance. But, once within the doors, you would have been fairly bewildered and dazzled by its adornment. You would have observed that in the walls were fitted finely-fashioned devices in silver and gold ; and that in alcoves, at frequent intervals, statues of the same precious metals were placed. There were hangings of gorgeous cloths ; and the Inca was served, when he dined in these palaces, upon heavy gold plate, and with pitchers and ewers thickly studded with large-sized gems.

At more than one royal residence were to be seen luxuriant gardens with real plants and flowers of every size and hue, and just among them other plants and flowers of gold and silver, carved in minute imitation of nature. Here, too, were baths, fed by waters which flowed through silver pipes into broad basins of shining gold.

Nor were the principal temples of Peru less splendid than the palaces in which the Inca kept his imperial state. Not the sun only, but the moon, the stars, the thunder and lightning, and the rainbow, were worshipped by the Peruvians ; and there were sanctuaries dedicated to them all.

Noblest and most superb among these temples was that which stood in Cuzco, the capital of the empire, and which was called both "The Temple of the Sun" and "The Place of Gold." It was of stone, and surrounded by a high wall ; but, as in most Peruvian edifices, its chief decorations were in the interior. On one of the walls blazed an enormous effigy of the Sun, in burnished gold, the glittering rays shooting

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burning of a bridge, and curses uttered against the sovereign, with death. The entire empire was divided into three kinds of lands—those for the Sun, for the Inca, and for the people.

The lands devoted to the Sun and the Inca were cultivated in turn by all the inhabitants ; and their revenues were employed to support the temples, priesthood, and religious rites and festivals, and to maintain the monarch in his splendour. The lands left for the people were divided up among them in equal portions. When a Peruvian married, as he was bound by law to do at a certain age, a hut and piece of land were assigned to him to cultivate and subsist upon. The farms were re-divided every year. So it was that no Peruvian could rise above the moderate comfort to which he was entitled as a subject of the Inca.

The holder of a farm could neither sell any portion of it, nor could he purchase other land and add to it. From month to month, and from year to year, he grew no richer, nor did he grow poorer.

The Peruvian was obliged first to till the fields belonging to the Sun ; then to aid in cultivating the land of those of his neighbours who were old, infirm, or sick ; then he could occupy himself with his own acres ; finally he went to work his share upon the lands of the Inca. All the sheep in Peru, and the manufactures of wool from them, were entirely the property of the Sun and the Inca. When the sheep were shorn, the wool was collected in the imperial storehouses, and distributed equally among the population. The women in all the Peruvian homes spun





writer,<sup>1</sup> "neither Greece, Rome, nor Egypt can compare any of their works with the roads to be seen in Peru, made by the kings of the country, from the city of Quito to that of Cuzco (three hundred leagues)—straight, even, twenty-five paces wide, paved, enclosed on both sides with high and beautiful walls, and along them, on the inside, two clear rivulets, bordered with a beautiful sort of tree which they call *molly*.

"In which work, when they met with rocks and mountains, they cut them through, and made them even, and filled in pits and valleys with lime and stones to make them level. At the end of every day's journey are beautiful palaces, furnished with provisions, vestments, and arms, as well for travellers as for the armies that are to pass that way.

"They did not build with any stones less than ten feet square, and had no other means of carriage than by drawing their load themselves by force of arms; and knew not so much as the art of scaffolding, nor any other way of standing to their work but by throwing up earth against the building as it rose higher.

"The last king of Peru, the day that he was taken, was carried upon staves of gold on the shoulders of men, sitting in a gold chair, into the middle of the battle. As his bearers fell, others took their places."

In every part of Peru, moreover, are still to be seen the remains of great temples and noble palaces, of long aqueducts and massive bridges, which attest

<sup>1</sup> Montaigne.

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figure sat in grim silence at the head of banqueting-tables groaning with bounteous good cheer, while his whilom subjects revelled around him.

The Peruvians were ardently devoted to their religion. Their sacred festivals were very numerous, and were always celebrated with much pomp, ceremony, and festivity. There was a religious festival commemorative of every month, besides lesser festivals scattered between. The most splendid religious celebration of all took place in the summer, at the period when the Sun began to assume its fullest glory, and to linger long above the heads of his Peruvian worshippers. This was called the feast of Raymi. The nobles and people from every part of the empire gathered on this occasion at Cuzco to take part in or witness the splendid festivities. On the morning of the sacred day, at earliest dawn, the throng of brilliantly-attired Inca chiefs, with the sovereign in their midst, assembled in the great square, while every balcony and house-top were densely crowded with eager spectators. The moment that the Sun rose from behind the lofty range of the Cordilleras a mighty shout of joy went up from the vast multitude, who greeted him with deafening hymns of praise, and music from hundreds of rude instruments. The Inca poured out a libation in his honour, and then repaired in stately procession to the Temple of the Sun, where sacrifices took place, consisting of sheep, flowers, and sweet-perfumed gums. Sometimes, to celebrate a special event, even children and beautiful maidens were sacrificed on the day of Raymi. Many other ceremonies attended this famous festival, which ended

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signs on Peru itself; and, after mutual misunderstanding had once arisen between the brothers, a cause of quarrel was not far to seek. Atahualpa was a handsome young man, of noble and soldierly bearing, impetuous, and as brave as a lion. He not only rushed, with the veterans who had served his father so valiantly, into the thickest of the battle, but he was free, generous, and indulgent to them, and thus completely won their hearts.

The first assault was made by Huascar, who invaded the territory of Quito, and, after a fierce conflict, not only routed Atahualpa, but took him prisoner. But Atahualpa soon escaped, and, returning to his kingdom, made haste to restore and swell the ranks of his defeated army. The soldiers were only too eager to follow him once more against the Inca. He marched them rapidly southward, and, meeting Huascar with a formidable force at the foot of Mount Chimborazo, the loftiest peak of the Cordilleras, utterly defeated and put him to flight. Pursuing the retreating Peruvians, Atahualpa entered, sacked, and razed Tumebamba, one of his brother's chief cities, and savagely massacred its people, young and old. Then he advanced, desolating the country in his pathway with fire and sword, and established his camp at Caxamalca. From thence he sent his main army forward under the command of two veteran generals. They met the hosts of Huascar on a broad plain, a short distance from Cuzco, his capital. There then ensued a desperate and terrible battle, which resulted in a second and still more fatal disaster to the Inca, whose army was routed in the wildest disorder, whose capital was

~~He is~~ who was himself taken

complete; but he ordered his brother to leave the fortress; he then rode to Cuzco, and ordered them to bring himself no be

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## CHAPTER V.

## PIZARRO'S DEPARTURE.

ON the morning of the 14th of November, 1524, the little town of Panama was alive with unusual commotion. The day was misty and chilly; yet the people, consisting not only of Spaniards, but of Indians clad in every variety of native costume, flocked into the streets, as if something unusual were about to take place.

The town lay upon a projecting point of the coast, and was surrounded by a high stone wall. Out in the lovely bay, which was not less beautiful in its contour and its surroundings than the famous Bay of Naples, the sparkling waters were dotted with hilly isles, densely covered to their very summits with rich tropical trees and shrubs; while far off on the other side the dim outlines of lofty mountains were visible, their peaks rising above the floating clouds.

From the centre of the most thickly-populated quarter rose the towers of the cathedral, then very new, the ruins of which may still be seen by the traveller in that southern region; and it was in the direction of this edifice that the motley throng of soldiers, sailors, planters, shopkeepers, fortune-hunters,





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A procession was now formed, the governor, Pedrarias, marching at the head, with Pizarro at his side. Behind them went the soldiers and men who had been enlisted for the voyage ; and these, in turn, were followed by a large concourse of soldiers and people.

Arrived on the shores of the bay, Pizarro took leave of the governor, who, though jealous of the gallant captain, concealed his feelings, and warmly bade him farewell ; embraced his good friends Almagro and Luque ; and, amid the shouts of the throng gathered on the quay, went on board the larger of the two ships that lay at anchor.

It was not long before the men had all embarked ; and the moment arrived to weigh anchor, to spread sails, and put out to sea. As the ships glided out of the harbour, a loud clamour of shouts rent the air. Flags were waved, and guns fired off ; and the tall figure of Pizarro was seen erect on his quarter-deck, saluting the crowd with his plumed hat, until he and the ships faded out of sight in the still brooding mist.

Pizarro had boldly committed his fortunes and his life to the great deep, and to the perils sure to be encountered in strange and savage lands. His bold heart beat high as he thought of the glorious prospect of success ; nor did it for a moment shrink before the dread possibilities of disaster and defeat. He knew almost nothing of the region to which he was going, but trusted firmly in his good fortune and his pluck to conquer every obstacle. The little ships pushed bravely out to sea, and soon every landmark of the town and bay was lost to sight. Reaching the Isle of



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and water. But the place was not less lonely and unattractive than that they had before visited : so, after taking in wood and water, they resumed their voyage.

Hitherto, in spite of the inclement season of the year, the weather had not been unfavourable to the expedition. But they had no sooner struck into the open sea, than a furious tempest assailed the ships. It burst upon them suddenly. Thunder rolled in deafening peals across the black and heavy masses of clouds ; while the sharp and quick succeeding flashes of lightning lit up the sea and firmament, as if to show the adventurers the frightful aspects of the storm in which they were enveloped. The poor little ships creaked and groaned ; and as each tremendous billow struck and dashed over their sides, making them shake and tremble, and deluging the men with salt water, it seemed as if every moment would see them staved in and shattered by the shock.

Pizarro, in the midst of the tempest, was as patient and calm as if he had been quietly reposing in his house at Panama. His men at first raved and cursed in their terror ; but he went among them and cheered them, and soon shamed them into submission by his own dauntless courage.

The storm grew more and more terrible. Day waned, and night came ; and the waves still rose to awful heights, the wind swelled to a hurricane, and the ships drifted and plunged helplessly whithersoever the frenzied elements carried them. For a week the tempest continued to rage with a fury that only abated a few moments at a time. And now another calamity was added to the dangers of shipwreck.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2689-2694.

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growths that lay beyond the swamps. But one and all returned with the same mournful story, that neither inhabitants nor food were anywhere to be found.

Pizarro was resolved to take a desperate course. Undismayed by his situation, and firmly set on not returning to Panama, where the news of his failure would be received with jeers and contempt, he sent the smaller of his ships, under a faithful officer named Montenegro, back to the Isle of Pearls for provisions, while he himself, with the larger part of his men, remained on the dismal coast. He trusted to his good fortune to survive till the ship should return, and, by continually picturing to his comrades the glory and riches in store for them, persuaded them to be content to stay with him.

He expected Montenegro to come back at least within a fortnight. But the fortnight passed, then three weeks, then a month ; and as the poor little company of adventurers stood on the coast, and strained their eyes northward, no friendly sail, promising food for their empty stomachs, and drink for their parched lips, greeted their sight.

Nothing could exceed the misery which Pizarro and his comrades suffered during this long and terrible suspense. Confined to a barren and unhealthy shore, with scarcely any provisions, and water so bad that it poisoned and sometimes killed those who drank it, with scant shelter from the storms that often swept over them, and the hope of seeing the ship of succour appear constantly postponed, it seemed as if one and all were doomed to a slow death of torture on this

his surprise and delight found there a group of Indian huts. The savages, frightened out of their wits on seeing the Spaniards, ran away into the woods as fast as their legs could carry them ; but, gathering confidence, they soon returned to the edge of the open space.

Pizarro and his men lost no time in entering the huts, and were overjoyed to find in them some cocoa-nuts and corn. They loaded themselves with as much as they could carry, and were on the point of returning, when several of the Indians, advancing, bitterly complained, by expressive signs, of the robbery, and asked Pizarro why the Spaniards had come to plunder their peaceful village.

He replied, in the same way, that he and his men were starving, and that it was necessary that they should take whatever food they could find. He then asked them many questions, and they told him that beyond the mountains there was a land abounding in riches.

The Spaniards observed that these savages wore heavy ornaments of gold ; and this entirely confirmed their belief in a golden country, and restored ambition and cupidity to their flagging souls. They returned to their companions aglow with the story of their discovery, and filled them with joy by displaying the corn and cocoa-nuts they had taken.

It was not until the forty-seventh day after its departure, that Montenegro's ship, returning over the ocean, gladdened the eyes of Pizarro's still half-famished party. When they saw the sails in the distance, they capered, weak as they were, wildly about on the beach ; and, when at last Montenegro cast

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The savage inhabitants of the village, on espying the Spaniards, had run away into the bushes, as those at the Port of Famine had done ; but the sequel proved that they were a far bolder race. Montenegro, after proceeding some way, was suddenly assailed by the Indians, who rushed out of their hiding-places, and with loud cries fired a perfect shower of arrows among the Spaniards.

The latter were completely surprised, and at first lost their presence of mind. Quickly recovering, however, they drew their swords, and fell fiercely upon the enemy. The Indians were driven pell-mell into the woods again, but not until three of the Spaniards had been killed, and several wounded.

It was now Pizarro's turn to suffer from the valour of the warlike natives. Gathering in a dense mass, the Indians hastened to assail him before Montenegro's force could return to his aid. Before he knew it, a storm of arrows assailed his little camp ; and this was attended with hideous yells, which struck as much terror to the heart as the rude weapons themselves.

Pizarro was too brave a man to wait patiently for the onset of the Indians. His blood was up ; and, calling upon his men to follow him, he leaped over the barricade which he had caused to be erected, and with naked sword ran forward to meet the savage foe.

The Indians saw by his bearing, and air of command, that he was the Spanish chief. They directed their whole fire upon him, and, as he was struggling valiantly, inflicted seven wounds upon him under his armour. Pizarro faltered, and then fell.



## CHAPTER VI.

## PIZARRO'S SECOND VENTURE.

SOON after his arrival at Chuchama, Pizarro learned with surprise that his friend Almagro, alarmed for his safety, had shortly before set sail with seventy men to traverse the southern seas in search of him. The ships, it seems, had passed, but missed each other ; and now Almagro was doubtless wandering up and down the coast of South America in despair at not finding those for whom he was seeking.

Pizarro wisely refrained from putting himself in the jealous Pedrarias's power. He remained quietly where he was, and awaited, as patiently as he could, Almagro's return. After several weeks, he was rejoiced to see the welcome sails of his friend's ship in the distance. Almagro entered the harbour, cast anchor, and was soon locked in Pizarro's embrace.

He had a tale of startling adventure and strange vicissitude to tell. In the course of his voyage he had landed at several points on the coast, where he had found traces of Pizarro's presence ; and at the place where Pizarro had fought with the Indians, narrowly escaping with his life, Almagro had also engaged them in a terrific combat, in the course of

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and the role of the accounting department in ensuring the integrity of the financial statements.

2. It also highlights the need for regular audits and the importance of having a clear understanding of the company's financial position at all times.

3. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, including the use of statistical techniques and the importance of having a clear understanding of the data being collected.

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yet lost. I will myself go to Pedrarias, and will find means to wring from him, not only his consent, but his assistance."

The next day, Luque returned to Almagro with an exultant expression in his face.

"Victory!" he cried. "We have won! Pedrarias no longer refuses his aid. Now to buy ships, raise men, collect money, and be off once more for the southern seas!"

Pizarro, meanwhile, was still at Chuchama with the fifty men who had survived the first expedition. Almagro hastened to him with the good news. The faithful Luque lost no time in procuring sufficient funds. Two ships, larger and more stanch than those used before, were purchased and speedily stored: and Almagro succeeded in enlisting a force of a hundred and ten stalwart Spaniards, one and all eager to try their fortunes in the new venture.

Just before the ships were ready to set sail, the three friends made a solemn contract among themselves. They agreed to divide equally all the lands that might be conquered, and all the treasures that might be acquired by the expedition. This contract was confirmed by an imposing religious ceremony, which was witnessed by a great concourse of people.

It was in the spring of 1526, that the two vessels, one commanded by Pizarro and the other by Almagro, set out upon their dangerous voyage. Every heart on board beat high with eager hope, and the spirits of all were cheered by the soft and favourable breezes that sped them rapidly southward. Pizarro was full

and confidence as the ships ploughed the  
Pacific, and more than ever believed that  
they would soon be crowned with great  
success.

There was no object to be gained by casting  
about the several places which Pizarro had visited.  
On their first expedition, they steered directly for the  
south, the furthest point southward reached  
by the Spaniards.

Pizarro gave the order to put in. Landing  
on the coast, he attacked a native hamlet which he  
found on a neighbouring hill, and succeeded in seiz-  
ing not only a number of golden trinkets, but several  
young savages. These he regarded as valuable  
as he foresaw that they would be useful to  
him as guides and interpreters. They submitted to  
be taken on board ship, and stared about them,  
they had got them, with an air of complete  
satisfaction.

But the governor came. His countenance was  
frown-  
"No  
feels'...

his trusty pilot Ruiz should take the other ship, and reconnoitre the coast still farther southward.

Almagro and Ruiz accordingly put to sea again, soon parting, and going their different ways.

Left alone in the strange land, surrounded by barbarians whose movements were any thing but friendly, with a supply of provisions which would not last very long, Pizarro could not, nevertheless, wait idly for the return of his comrades. He made the most of his time by leading excursions into the interior, ascertaining as well as he could the character of the country, and the numbers and degree of intelligence of the natives.

Many of these excursions proved dismal and dangerous. He was forced to penetrate through forests where it was almost as dark as night; he found himself often in dark ravines, and then in densely tangled marshes; and, as he ascended now and then a precipitous hill, he beheld the towering crests of the Cordilleras forming an impassable barrier before him. As the soldiers trudged with difficulty over the rough crags or among the brambles, they would be stung by huge snakes, and would fall dying in intense agony in the path of their companions; while sometimes they were ferociously assailed by savage bands, and only escaped with the loss of several of their number.

Then their provisions gave out, and they were obliged to live on wild cocoanuts and bitter mangroves; and, to add to their tortures, they were attacked by dense swarms of large mosquitoes, which covered them with excruciating bites, and compelled them, for want

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quick and intelligent, and by vivacious signs and gestures confirmed to Pizarro what his faithful pilot had narrated.

Pizarro's longing for the return of Almagro was soon satisfied ; for Ruiz had not been back many days, before the other ship, coming from Panama, made its appearance, and was greeted with the liveliest demonstrations of joy.

Almagro had made a prosperous voyage to the isthmus, and brought back with him a force of eighty men, some of whom had just arrived from Spain eager for adventure and conquest. On arriving at Panama he had found Pedrarias gone, and a new governor, named Don Pedro de los Rios, in his place. Fortunately, this new governor did not have Pedrarias's jealous and grasping disposition. He aided Almagro in recruiting his soldiers and re-provisioning his ship, and sent him away with cordial good wishes.

It was without regret that Pizarro and his comrades left the place where they had suffered so much, and with gay hearts they once more set sail. The ships took a southerly course ; and it seemed probable that at last the brave Spaniards were on the point of achieving a really great success.

But misfortune seemed to pursue Pizarro at every step. If he escaped one peril, he speedily encountered another. No sooner did he begin to rejoice at his triumph over one obstacle than a new difficulty presented itself.

Having survived the danger of famine and massacre, it was now the turn of the tempest to threaten him with destruction. The ships had only been at sea a

## Barro.

They were marked by violent quakes, and  
the waves made a low incessant flow and laboured.

They were driven on them in quick  
succession, and it was necessary that they  
should be able to swim.

They were driven on the part of the  
beach where he had  
been, and they were in pos-  
session of the beach ordered

to be driven on the beach which was  
the only one which, after which,  
they were driven on the beach until they  
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the beach and were required to observe  
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the beach and the ocean and thence.

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Peruvian Empire ; but he was feeling his way, and was really ignorant that he was so near the goal of his ambition.

His first impulse was to land. Just as he had done so with a force of soldiers, a great multitude of natives, armed with javelins and bows and arrows, rushed down towards the shore, and gathered close together in hostile array. His situation was now extremely perilous. It seemed as if he and his men must speedily be annihilated. An amusing accident, however, saved them.

Among his soldiers were several who were on horseback. Now, the Indians had never seen a horse, and supposed the rider and his horse to be one animal. A soldier happened to fall off his steed ; and this so amazed and frightened the savages, who thus saw the animal appear to divide in two pieces, that they retreated in all haste to the town.

But Pizarro was convinced that, even now, his force was not large enough to struggle with such formidable numbers of savages as, it was clear, inhabited the country. He therefore proposed to Almagro that he himself should return to Panama for re-enforcements.

For the first time the friends angrily disagreed. Almagro declared that he would not remain while Pizarro went back ; and Pizarro hotly upbraided Almagro for always wishing to leave him behind, to suffer the miseries of those strange regions, while Almagro himself went to Panama. The dispute became so bitter that the two captains were on the point of striking each other, when Ruiz and the treasurer Ribera interposed and pacified them.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

*[Faint, illegible markings]*

When Tafur reached the Island of Gallo, he found Pizarro and his comrades in a wretched plight. They had exhausted their provisions, and worn their clothes to rags ; while perpetual storms had continually drenched them, there being no good shelter where they were.

The men were frantic with delight when they saw Tafur's ship. They revelled in the ample provisions he had brought ; and, when he announced that he had come to carry them all home again, they received the news with the wildest demonstrations of joy.

But Pizarro was determined not to go back. He was incensed at the governor's conduct, and was ready to risk his life in preventing the execution of his orders. Having come thus far, he resolutely refused to return to Panama, and thus confess his failure. Having caught a glimpse of a land abounding in riches, his heart was set on reaping the reward of his trials and courage.

Commanding his men to assemble on the shore, in a firm but quiet tone he thus addressed them :—

“Comrades, you have two paths between which to decide. One is full of perils and privations, exhausting toil, storms and famine, the poisoned arrow, the midnight attack of countless and ruthless savages ; but it leads to Peru, with its untold wealth, the lasting glory and power of its conquest. The other road leads home, to Panama with its ease and indolence, and to contempt, poverty, and obscurity. Each one of you may choose which way to take. For my part, I remain.”



sailed, so that he was now without any means of transportation whatever.

This difficulty was soon overcome. His men set lustily to work, and in a few hours had completed a strong raft. Upon this they placed their provisions, arms, and utensils; and, huddling together on the remaining space, they pushed out to sea.

They were upon the raft several days. Fortunately the weather was calm, and they were able to reach the Island of Gorgona, seventy miles north of Gallo, without accident. Here Pizarro resolved to establish his little company as best he could, and to wait patiently till assistance from Almagro should arrive.

Huts were built beside a pretty stream, which afforded them good water to drink and cook with; and the men found plenty of rabbits and pheasants, which they shot and brought in, and served up in tempting dishes.

At first their residence on the Island of Gorgona was very pleasant. But ere long the tempests beat in their huts; the sun, when it was fair, blazed remorselessly down upon them; and they were tortured by the swarms of mosquitoes and other insects that assailed them by day and night.

For seven months they endured miseries not less terrible than those they had before suffered. It seemed as if relief would never come. But Pizarro was now surrounded by stout and resolute fellows, who bore up as bravely as he himself against every mishap and anguish that afflicted them.

At last a small vessel came in sight. Pizarro

## CHAPTER VII.

## ON THE BORDERS OF PERU.

**I**T was a rash but heroic act for Pizarro to set out in a single little vessel and with only eleven men, and to venture into a country, which, it seemed probable, was inhabited by millions of brave and warlike men.

But he could not bear the thought of going back to Panama until he could at least carry the certain news that a great and rich empire really existed in South America ; and both he and his men were not only willing, but eager, to risk their lives in exploring regions farther southward than they had yet gone.

The little ship kept steadily on, past the Island of Gallo, the Point of Tacamez, and another point which Pizarro named St. Helena ; and, after a voyage of three weeks, the adventurers entered, one afternoon, one of the most beautiful bays they had ever seen. The Indians whom Pizarro had brought with him as interpreters told him that it was the Gulf of Guayaquil, and, pointing across the water to a verdant and fertile shore, exclaimed that there was the kingdom of Quito, the most northerly part of the Peruvian Inca's dominions.





yet seen, and manifested their wonder at beholding a European ship, so utterly unlike any thing they had before known, by running to and fro, shouting loudly, and throwing up their swarthy hands and arms.

At this moment a large flat-boat, full of Indian soldiers, pushed out from the shore. Their purpose was not, however, to attack Pizarro ; but they were setting out on an expedition against Puna.

Pizarro saw his opportunity, and, beckoning to the Indians in the boat, asked several of the chiefs to come on board his ship. This they did after some hesitation. Through his own Indians, acting as interpreters, he told them that he was no foe to the natives, but had come on a friendly errand ; and at last he persuaded them to postpone their expedition, go back to the town, send him some provisions, and tell the governor that he wished to despatch one of his men ashore.

The governor, sharing in the wonder of the people, and convinced of Pizarro's good faith, at once sent a boat-load of bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, pine-apples, cocoanuts, game, and fish, to the strangers, with a message, which he sent by a Peruvian noble of high rank, consenting that a Spaniard should land, as Pizarro had asked.

This noble, who was very richly attired, and was a tall and handsome man, with great dignity of bearing, betrayed a lively curiosity to examine every part of the wonderful ship. This Pizarro cheerfully gratified, regaling him afterwards with a bountiful dinner, and presenting him with an iron hatchet.

The next morning Pizarro ordered one of his men,

assured Molina, ashore, with some pork and chickens for the governor, and with instructions to observe everything with the most minute attention. With Molina went a negro who had joined Pizarro from Panama. No sooner had Molina stepped on land than he was surrounded by a crowd of chattering and excited natives. The women gathered about him, and stared in amazement at his long brown beard and his fair skin; while others, never having seen a black man, went up to the negro, and tried to rub off his swarthy complexion, which they thought artificial, with their fingers. The negro grinned at this, and showed his white teeth; which made the Indians shout with laughter.

Just at this moment one of the cocks which Molina had brought for the governor stretched out his neck, and crowed with all his might. The natives, who had never seen such a fowl, flocked around him, and asked Molina "what the little fellow was saying."

The Spaniard visited the governor, whom he found in a handsome house, attended by a guard, and served with dishes of gold and silver; and was then con-

carrying a gun on his shoulder, he marched boldly and alone up the principal street of Tumbes, followed by a vast multitude of Indians.

They were especially curious about his gun, which they begged him to "make speak." So he set up a board, and fired at it. The sharp and sudden noise, the smoke, and the board split in pieces and flying in every direction, stunned and frightened the Indians. Some fell on their knees, and hid their faces in their hands ; others shrieked ; and many scampered away as fast as their legs could carry them.

Candia returned to the ship with an account as strange as that of Molina. He had seen, among other things, a temple, the walls of which were almost covered with golden panels ; and flowers of gold and silver set out in beautiful gardens.

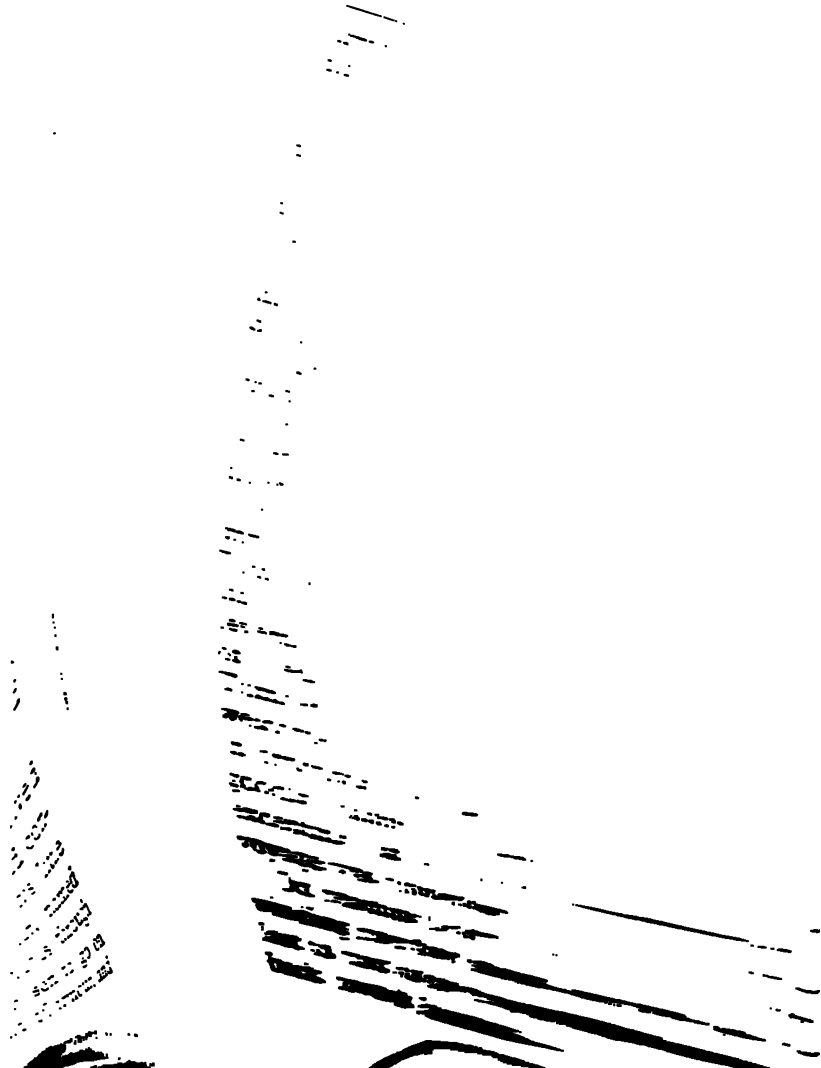
His wildest dreams about the riches of Peru being amply confirmed, Pizarro reluctantly took leave of Tumbes, sailed out of the lovely bay, and continued his voyage to the south. He landed on the coast at several points, and found everywhere the same proofs of wealth and skill that had so dazzled him at Tumbes. The natives received him with friendly welcome, mingled with wonder : he had no difficulty in procuring from them ample provisions, as well as a goodly quantity of golden trinkets and jewels. And, excepting that he encountered one or two storms, his voyage was prosperously pursued.

On reaching the port of Santa, where a broad and winding river flowed into the sea, Pizarro resolved at last to turn his prow northward, and to sail leisurely back towards Panama. He had done all that, with

named Molina, ashore, with some pork and chickens for the governor, and with instructions to observe everything with the most minute attention. With Molina went a negro who had joined Pizarro from Panama. No sooner had Molina stepped on land than he was surrounded by a crowd of chattering and excited natives. The women gathered about him, and stared in amazement at his long brown beard and his fair skin ; while others, never having seen a black man, went up to the negro, and tried to rub off his sooty complexion, which they thought artificial, with their fingers. The negro grinned at this, and showed his white teeth ; which made the Indians shout with laughter.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

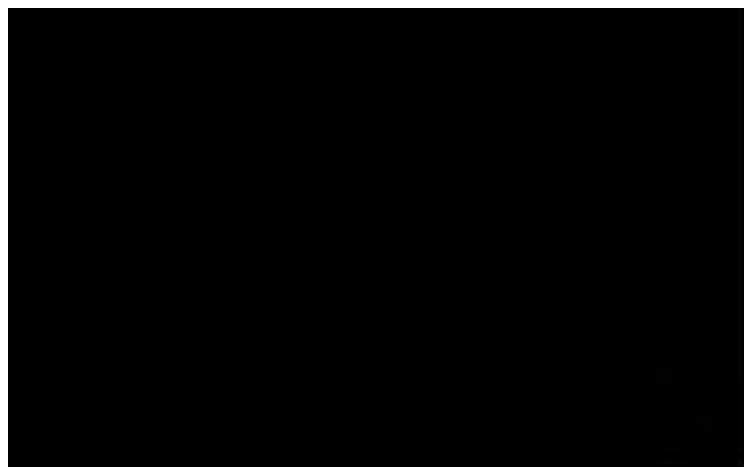
## PIZARRO IN SPAIN.

PIZARRO must have felt strangely on the day when, six or seven weeks after his departure from Panama, his eyes at length rested again upon the glittering spires and domes of Seville. It was from that beautiful city that, more than a quarter of a century before, he had set out, a penniless and homeless youth, to seek his fortunes in an unknown land.

What strange things had happened since ! How often had he been in near peril of death ! What wonderful peoples and countries he had seen ! And, now that his feet were once more to tread his native soil, how different was his return from his departure !

His fame had already reached the land of his birth. No longer obscure, unknown, a ragged wanderer on the face of the earth, his deeds of valiant daring, his discoveries of brilliant promise, had been repeated from mouth to mouth, and he found Spain proud of his achievements. But, just as he landed, an event happened which seemed at first likely to put an end to his schemes. A man named Enciso, who had played a somewhat conspicuous part in the settlement





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courtiers. He spoke earnestly, and with a simple and warm enthusiasm that enlisted all hearts in sympathy with him ; and, as he went on, Charles leaned forward, and eagerly drank in every word.

Then Pizarro ordered the attendants to bring in the Peruvian sheep, and the chests of golden ornaments, jewels, and many-coloured cloths. These called forth a cry of admiration from the emperor, who, rising to his feet, said,—

“ Pizarro, you are a brave and gallant man, and a good subject. You have done wonderful things. You have opened a way to a vast and precious addition to my dominions and power, and to you shall be committed the completion of the gigantic task you have undertaken. I declare that you shall go forward and conquer Peru, and in that distant and golden land shall raise my imperial standard. You shall have not only my permission, but my God-speed and my cordial assistance.”


To the emperor's praises were added those of Cortez, who had already won the fame and glory of conquest and discovery to which Pizarro himself aspired. Cortez spoke hearty words of hope and encouragement, and promised Pizarro that he would do all he could to enable him to fit out an adequate fleet and enlist an ample force.

Charles the Fifth was as good as his word. A paper, called “the Capitulation,” was drawn up, and signed by the emperor, which described the grants and powers he conferred on Pizarro in Peru. He was permitted to occupy and rule that country as its governor-general, with an enormous salary, and almost

royal authority. Almagro was made commander of Tumbez, and Luque bishop of the same place ; while the faithful pilot Ruiz was granted the title of "Grand Pilot of the Southern Ocean." It was, besides, agreed that Pizarro should enlist two hundred and fifty soldiers, and that he should set out for Peru within the period of six months after reaching Panama.

His errand to the emperor having thus been crowned with the most brilliant success, the adventurer's thoughts now reverted to his early home in Estremadura. He had known, to be sure, but few joys in that home ; yet there was in his heart, in spite of all, that instinct of love of, and yearning for, one's birthplace, which rarely dies wholly out in the human breast.

He resolved, therefore, to spend part of the time, while he was waiting for his expedition to be got ready, in visiting Truxillo, and observing the old familiar places of his childhood. He would return to his native place a cavalier of renown, the welcomed guest of the emperor, and the destined ruler of a



better off than when, in their childhood's days, they had been the slaves of swineherds.

When they heard Pizarro's story of the wonders of the New World, they one and all became eager to share his good fortune. Ambition and pride ran in their blood, and they became inspired with a longing to reap the golden fruits of conquest. Pizarro was willing that his brothers should seize the opportunity which the proposed expedition would afford them, and all four of them accompanied him back to Seville.

To Pizarro's chagrin, he found that, on reaching Seville, the required number of men had not enlisted. But he made up his mind to wait no longer, and, ordering such soldiers as had assembled to embark on three ships that had been procured, he prepared to set out across the Atlantic.

At this moment he learned from his friend and kinsman, Cortez, that the Council of the Indies, finding that he had not the full force he had agreed to raise, were about to put a stop to his sailing. With all haste he weighed anchor, and pushed out to sea in one of the ships. At the same time he told his elder brother Hernando to join him with the other two ships, as soon as he could, at the Canary Islands.

The council, on hearing that Pizarro had escaped them, at first threatened to retain Hernando and his vessels; but, fearing the anger of the emperor, they at last permitted him to depart and rejoin his brother.

European captains and navigators had by this time become accustomed to the Atlantic. Its currents and other peculiarities had been observed and studied;



in this matter, and for you to grasp all the power and glory is more than I will bear."

"Be patient, Almagro, and listen," replied Pizarro calmly. "I admit that it seems unjust; but I declare to you that I did all I possibly could to persuade the emperor to divide the fruits of the expedition between us. It was in vain, however, that I pleaded. The emperor insisted that the power must rest in the hands of a single man, and he compelled me to assume it. But do not doubt my friendship, comrade. Trust me, and all will go well. Peru is big enough to satisfy the ambition of us both; and, its conquest once made, I pledge you that you shall share equally with me all the power and riches I acquire."

But Almagro would not be appeased; and, when they returned to Panama, he declared that he would have nothing more to do with Pizarro, but would fit out an expedition for Peru on his own account.

The good priest Luque saw that this quarrel would ruin the project which all had so much at heart, and earnestly set about healing the breach between Pizarro and Almagro.

In this he at last succeeded. Pizarro agreed, that, if the expedition accomplished its object, Almagro should share his power, and that he would not promote his brothers at Almagro's expense.

Every preparation for Pizarro's departure for Peru was now hastened as rapidly as possible. He had been compelled to leave the ships in which he had brought his force from Spain on the other side of the isthmus: it was, therefore, necessary that new ships should be purchased and fitted out. Some of the men

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE THIRD EXPEDITION.

IT was on a cool, crisp day in January, 1531, that a long and brilliant procession, winding its way through the irregular streets of the little city of Panama, entered the square in front of the cathedral. Once more that sacred edifice, the most imposing that Panama could as yet boast, was filled with its motley population; and once more a royal governor, no longer the jealous Pedrarias, but now the more generous De los Rios, stood by the high altar, surrounded by a gay concourse of cavaliers.

Near him, again, might be seen the tall figure of Pizarro, and the short form of Almagro; while just behind these stood Pizarro's four brothers—Hernando, Juan, Gonzalo, and Francisco of Alcantara. At the high altar, the worthy Luque, as before, officiated; and in the space just in front were ranged the files of doughty soldiers who were about to follow Pizarro to Peru. Above them were held the banners and the royal standard of Spain, the coats of arms skilfully worked in many bright colours, and in gold and silver thread.

Presently the solemn ceremonies began. The priest,

rounded a point ; and Pizarro once more found himself on the open sea, speeding towards the golden land.

Among those who were most impatient to reach the scene of action were Pizarro's brothers, all of whom were inspired with his own bold and intrepid spirit, and who longed to display their skill and valour in the conflicts that were to ensue.

The voyage began with happy auguries. Though the winds were sometimes contrary, no furious tempest burst over their heads, checking their progress, or endangering their lives. The ships, thanks to the experience of the captains in these waters and a better knowledge of navigation, made far greater speed than when Pizarro made his first expedition ; and a distance which had formerly taken him months to traverse was now accomplished in a fortnight.

Pizarro wished to make his first landing at Tumbez, the wealth and beauty of which had so much impressed him, and where he had left Molina and his companions. But he was forced to put in some leagues farther north—at the Bay of St. Matthew. Here were a good harbour and an easy landing-place ; and, anchoring his little fleet just off the shore, he disembarked his men, and established a camp.

With the force he now commanded, he felt sure that he could defend himself from any number of natives who were likely to attack him in this part of the country ; and he resolved to send all three of the ships back to Panama for re-enforcements, while he marched his little army southward towards Tumbez.



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them up at every step, they saw his sturdy form still pushing vigorously forward, they were ashamed to show themselves weaker than he, and braced up anew their bodies and spirits.

It was not very long before the Spaniards had a foretaste of the good things which awaited them in Peru. On turning a hill, they came suddenly in sight of a closely-built Indian village, nestling between the hill and a winding river. This village was called Coaque.

Pizarro made up his mind to attack Coaque at once, and, by surprising the inhabitants, to render them powerless to resist his assault. He therefore ordered his men to rush forward and fire their guns, and to capture the huts.

The natives, hearing the noise and shouts, ran out in dismay ; and, on seeing the body of strange men rapidly advancing, made all haste to escape into the woods.

The Spaniards, on entering the huts, were delighted to find not only an abundance of food, but many articles made of gold and silver, besides cloths of fine texture. As they were eagerly searching the rooms, one of the soldiers uttered a loud cry, and held up a large green stone, that glittered in his hand.


"It is an emerald !" cried a keen-eyed monk named Reginaldo, who had gone with Pizarro to convert the natives : "that is, it looks like one. But it can be easily tested. Pound it with a hammer. If it breaks, it is no true jewel ; but, if it resists the stroke, it is precious indeed."

The soldier did as he was bidden, and the stone

crumbled under the hammer. Several similar stones found in the huts were subjected to the same test, and all of them broke ; and the ignorant soldiers thus destroyed a number of jewels which, at home, would have brought enormous prices. The monk knew better than to advise them as he did ; for he carefully kept all the emeralds he could lay his hands on, and secreted them about his person. His advice, indeed, was a shrewd way of making the emeralds more scarce, so that those he kept would be more rare and valuable when he returned to Panama.

The ships rejoined Pizarro at Coaque. He put on board a considerable portion of the treasures he had seized in the village ; and, having divided the rest equally among the men, he sent the ships home with a glowing account of the prospects of the expedition.

It was on leaving Coaque, and marching southward towards Tumbez, that the Spaniards began to suffer some of the serious hardships of their expedition. They were forced to trudge over sandy roads under a blazing sun, and their heavy armour and thick clothing added greatly to their discomfort. They grew ill



One day, sure enough, he espied a ship bearing down from the north. He ordered his standard-bearers to run along the shore, and wave their banners. These were soon perceived by the ship, which swung in towards the shore, and anchored. She proved to be laden with food, and to have brought several officers sent out by the emperor to accompany Pizarro on his expedition.

Nor was this the only instance of good fortune which happened to the intrepid chief; for, on arriving a few days after at a little harbour called Puerto Vieja, he was there rejoined by another ship, bringing a reinforcement of thirty men to his little army. These men were commanded by a brave and veteran cavalier named Belalcazar.

But Pizarro had now to contend with another difficulty. Puerto Vieja, unlike the country through which the Spaniards had been passing, was a beautiful spot. Tropical trees, affording abundant shade, grew in profusion almost to the water's edge. The region round about, moreover, abounded in luscious fruits and vegetables. In the distance, the giant range of the Cordilleras loomed to the clouds; and the snow-crested peak of Chimborazo, the mightiest of all, towered in sublime grandeur almost directly opposite.

In such a spot some of the Spanish soldiers felt that they might happily establish themselves, and settle down; and these begged Pizarro to proceed no farther, but to avail himself of the locality; to remain there, and form a colony.

But Pizarro had no other thought, no less an ambition, than that of conquering Peru. His was not the



abode upon it. Pizarro communicated with the cacique through the Indians he had taken to Panama, and had brought back with him to act as interpreters.

After heartily thanking the cacique for his hospitality, Pizarro said,—

“I gladly accept your invitation ; but how can so large a number of men, with their arms and baggage, be carried to the island?”

“Easily,” replied the cacique. “I will cause some balsas to be built, and upon them a large number of men can cross at once.”

“And what are balsas?”

“We will soon show you.”

Under the cacique's orders, several Indians began to cut some long light poles. These they fastened together firmly, crosswise, like a raft ; and, when this had been done, they fixed some boards on top. The shape of these balsas, when finished, was like a hand stretched out flat. A sail was hoisted in the centre, and then the cacique invited the Spaniards to embark.

Four balsas proved sufficient to carry over the men, horses, and baggage ; for two of them held fifty men each. Meanwhile Pizarro crossed in a small boat with the cacique and several other leading Indians.

They soon reached the verdant and picturesque shore of Puna, where a great crowd of natives, decked out with cloaks of brilliant colours and gold ornaments, had gathered to welcome them. Pizarro was almost deafened with the din of the rude musical instruments that greeted his arrival ; and was amused

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the villages. They soon returned to confirm the interpreter's suspicions. There were indeed warriors concealed in the woods and houses, and arms were being busily made. It appeared that the Indians intended to attack the Spanish camp on the following night.

Not a moment was to be lost. Pizarro at once sent a small force into the village where the cacique and other chiefs lived. The Spaniards surrounded the cacique's house, and, having easily overcome his guard, seized him, bound him hand and foot, and sent him to the camp. Then they ransacked the house, and several others near by, and found many golden ornaments, jewels, and fine cloths. The natives fled in dismay into the forest.

Content with their success, the Spaniards returned with their booty to the camp.

But Pizarro knew that the whole population of the island would now be fired with anger against him, and would speedily seek their revenge. He posted a circle of sentinels all around his camp, and they kept careful watch throughout the night.

This was, as it proved, a wise precaution. Sure enough, just before dawn, a wild roar of voices was heard at the edge of the wood, mingled with the deafening sound of warlike instruments; and presently a swarm of savages issued from behind the trees. They advanced upon several sides, and a shower of arrows and darts fell upon the Spaniards.

Pizarro leaped forward, and commanded his men to respond with a volley of powder and shot. A short and sharp encounter ensued; and several Spaniards,



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resolutely took the harsh measures which seemed necessary to achieve his purposes.

He then set the cacique at liberty, and made him solemnly promise to be his ally, and to gather his scattered subjects together again.

It was full time to resume his progress towards Peru ; and the first task was to subdue Tumbez, the domes and buildings of which he could dimly descry on the shore from his camp at Puna.

Getting together such boats as he could find, and bringing the four balsas, or rafts, once more into service, he embarked his little army, horses, and supplies, one bright spring day, and set out for the mainland. The balsas went on ahead with the plunder captured at Puna, while the boats followed with the main force ; and in a few hours Pizarro found himself again off the harbour of Tumbez, and on the very borders of the dominions of the Inca of Peru.

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From them he learned that his rafts had been seized and broken up, the goods carried off, and the men on them hurried into the woods, and there killed.

Meanwhile other scouts came in to tell Pizarro that Tumbez was not only deserted by its inhabitants, but that most of its buildings had been destroyed, and the treasures taken away out of reach.

Among the parties sent out to reconnoitre was one commanded by Hernando Pizarro, comprising forty cavalry and eighty foot-soldiers. Pizarro caused a large raft to be constructed, upon which Hernando and his force crossed a broad and winding river which flowed just south of Tumbez. After scouring the country for some time, Hernando came in sight of an Indian encampment.

He attacked this encampment without delay, and easily routed the Indians ; and, after pursuing them for some distance, he sent a messenger to their chief to ask him to make peace.

"I am afraid of the Spaniards," was the chief's reply ; "and I dare not trust myself with them, unless they promise that I shall not be killed."

Hernando at once responded,—

"You will not be injured, but may go with me to our captain without fear ; and he will pardon you for your offences against him."

The chief and some of his chief men then timidly approached Hernando's camp, whence they were conducted back to Pizarro. When Pizarro saw the chief, who proved to be the governor or "cacique" of Tumbez, a dark frown settled on his face.

**O**ne of the most important factors in the success of a business is the quality of its management. The management of a business is responsible for the overall performance of the company, and it is the management that determines the company's future. The management of a business is also responsible for the company's reputation, and it is the management that determines the company's success or failure. The management of a business is the key to the company's success, and it is the management that determines the company's future.

treasure to obtain, and the provisions he had brought were becoming exhausted.

Assembling his men one day, Pizarro told them that they were now in the dominions of the great Inca of Peru.

"There are great dangers and difficulties yet before us," he said; "but they are of a different sort from those which have hitherto impeded us. We are approaching the mountains, which we shall have to cross; and beyond them we shall at last come face to face with the might of the Peruvian monarch. We are few, and his soldiers are many and brave; but we have fire-arms, discipline, and glorious hopes. The stirring action of war is before us: let us hasten on to meet it!"

"Long live the captain! Lead us forward, and we will follow!" shouted his men in reply, waving their hands.

Leaving the cacique, whom he had now bound to him in friendship by his leniency, to gather his people together again at Tumbez, and also a detachment of Spaniards to guard the place, Pizarro set out at the head of his men, keeping his march near the sea-coast.

Not long before, he had been joined by the famous Hernando de Soto, who was destined afterwards to discover the Mississippi River. De Soto had brought with him a hundred cavaliers and some horses, which were a most welcome re-enforcement to Pizarro's little army; while De Soto's own intrepid valour and indomitable spirit were worth more to him than many men.



beyond the river ; but the soldiers were refreshed by their sojourn at St. Michael, and felt re-assured at leaving a place of retreat and defence behind them ; while the prospect of ere long measuring their prowess with the legions of the Inca infused new vigour and alacrity into their movement.

Pizarro's force now consisted of about two hundred men, fifty having been left at St. Michael ; a pigmy army indeed to assail a vast, rich, and warlike empire.

Pizarro had learned that the Inca was posted with a large force at a town called Caxamalca, on the other side of the mountains ; and he had formed the desperate resolve to advance directly to that place, and to overcome the Peruvian monarch by stratagem, or by force of arms, as it might chance.

The desert was soon crossed. And now the Spaniards found themselves passing through a delightful country, endowed with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation, full of luscious fruits, watered by the most picturesque streams, and inhabited by a gentle and thrifty people, who welcomed their coming with simple and eager hospitality. For many leagues it was almost a holiday march. By day they traversed shady roads or teeming fields ; at night they rested in villages, and sometimes in considerable towns, where they lodged in the very palaces provided for the Inca in his journeys through the empire.

As they approached nearer and nearer to the lofty range of the Cordilleras, which they could see looming in the dim south distance, and which they knew they



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Inca been already aroused? and were the Spaniards about to be challenged to a combat?

Pizarro was as conspicuous for his prudence and tact as for his valour. While he was ready to risk his life and the lives of his men in order to achieve the end he had in view, he was unwilling to sacrifice a single soldier by needless risk.

He accordingly sent De Soto forward with a small company of picked men to see what the Peruvian force intended. Meanwhile Pizarro himself, with his main army, rested at Zaran.

So long was De Soto gone, that Pizarro feared that he and his companions had been overpowered, and perhaps massacred, by the Peruvians. His joy was great, when, after an absence of a fortnight, his faithful lieutenant made his appearance.

De Soto and his comrades were not, however, alone. With them came a tall and stately Indian, so brilliantly arrayed that the Spaniards gazed at him with wonder. At the same time other Indians appeared, bearing a number of heavy burdens.

The mystery of these arrivals was soon solved. The tall Indian was no less a personage than the brother of the Inca of Peru, whom the Inca had sent as an envoy to Pizarro; while the burdens borne by his countrymen were presents from the sovereign, and comprised two stone fountains, some finely-woven and many-coloured cloths, sheep, deer, birds, dried fruits, honey, pepper, gold and silver vases, emeralds, and a strange perfume made of dried geese.

Pizarro welcomed his royal visitor with the respect due to his rank, and, calling an interpreter, bade the


Indian sit down and talk with him. The Indian gazed in wonder at the light complexions, the attire, the glittering armour, and the weapons of the Spaniards; for he had never seen a European before De Soto and his party arrived in the town where they had found him.

Then, turning with much dignity and grace to Pizarro, he said.—

“I have come by the command of my mighty sovereign, the Inca of Peru, to welcome you to his land, and to invite you to visit him at his camp.”

This greeting surprised Pizarro very much; but he was too shrewd to believe the proffered hospitality sincere. He felt sure that the Indian had come to see how large a force he had. He pretended, however, to be very grateful for the Inca's invitation, and to accept it; and took great pains to entertain the royal envoy in the best manner his camp afforded.

As the Indian was about to go away, Pizarro gave him a red cap and some glass beads, which appeared to delight him exceedingly; and bade him tell the Inca that he would cross the mountains, and wait upon



my progress. But I succeeded in re-assuring them ; and presently there came to me an Indian noble, who received the tribute in that region, and who described to me the road from there to the valley where the Inca is posted with his army. He told me also of a great city, thirty days' march away, which is a league in circumference, with a great and vast palace of the Inca, and a gorgeous temple dedicated to the sun. In the hall of the palace, he said, the floor is plated with solid silver, and the walls are of gold and silver interwoven. This city is called Cuzco, and is the capital of the Incas. On entering Caxas, I found it encompassed with a high wall of clay ; and before the doors of the houses I saw women, fair to look upon, with long glossy ringlets, and jewels on their necks and ears, spinning and weaving bright-coloured cloths. At the very entrance of the place I saw a horrible sight, of men hung up by the feet for having assaulted some of the women.

"I pushed on from thence by a fair even road, broad enough for six men to ride upon abreast, to a larger and nobler town, with fortresses entirely built of great blocks of hewn stone, and a lofty flight of stone steps leading up to the principal buildings ; while handsome and well-built bridges span the river that flows directly through the place. On the other side, the broad road stretches away, they told me, for no less than three hundred leagues across the empire. In this town, which was called Huancapampa, I found a house full of shoes, and salt cakes, forced-meat balls, and other food, for the soldiers. It was here that I met the Inca's brother, whom you have just seen ; and,

Entering one of these Indian towns, he was at once  
enclosed in a circle of natives, who, after a friendly  
settlement, and some time spent, returned.

Pizarro conversed with the chief and his council,  
through his Indian interpreter, and from them he  
learned that he must pass the night in the town of  
the Cordillera, where he would be obliged to pass  
valleys and over great rivers.

He now had some time to spare, and he was  
much struck with their manners, their customs,  
and their habits, which were very different  
from those of the Spaniards. He observed that  
while the men were busy with their work, the  
women were engaged in the preparation of  
food, and the children were playing in the  
streets. The women were often seen with  
their faces painted with red and white  
clay.

Their principal food consisted of maize, beans,  
potatoes, fish, and birds. They stored  
their corn and other produce in the hollows of the  
river-side, irrigating the fields by means of canals.

Setting out once more on the fourth day, Pizarro  
found that the natives had been very kind to him,  
and that the districts through which he would pass.  
The natives marched from one valley to another, and were  
everywhere received with hospitality, whether through  
friendship or fear. They found ample stores of  
provisions wherever they went, and took shelter in  
the huts when it rained.

One day they came to a wide river, the current of  
which was very rapid. It had been swollen by recent  
floods, and it was not safe to cross the river on this



It was now possible for the Spaniards to cross on rafts. Some trees were cut down, and rafts made; and in the afternoon Pizarro crossed safely with his troops, baggage, and horses.

On learning from Hernando what he had learned from the tortured Indian about the designs and preparations of the Inca, Pizarro called one of the principal Indians who had come with him from St. Michael, and asked him,—

“Have you the courage to go to Caxamalca as a spy, and bring me back tidings of the Inca’s camp?”

“I will not go as a spy,” replied the Indian; “but, if you wish, I will go as your messenger to the Inca, and will ask him what his intentions are, and how many troops he has.”

“Very well: go in that way if you please. Tell the Inca how well I have treated those who have been friendly to me, and that I only fight those who are hostile. If he will be my friend, I will become his ally; but let him beware how he uses me treacherously.”

The Indian departed on his errand; and Pizarro, after staying a while at the village, once more set forth towards the mountains. On the third day he found himself at the foot of the lofty Cordilleras, which looked steep and forbidding, and on the other side of which he knew that the mighty Inca and his hosts were encamped. But he was undismayed, and vigorously prepared for the formidable march before him.

11  
12  
13

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is important to gather relevant information and resources. This may involve researching existing solutions, consulting with experts, or collecting data.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it and identify the key factors that influence the outcome. This often involves breaking down the problem into smaller, more manageable parts.

4. After analysis, a plan should be developed that outlines the steps to be taken to solve the problem. This plan should be flexible enough to allow for adjustments as more information becomes available.

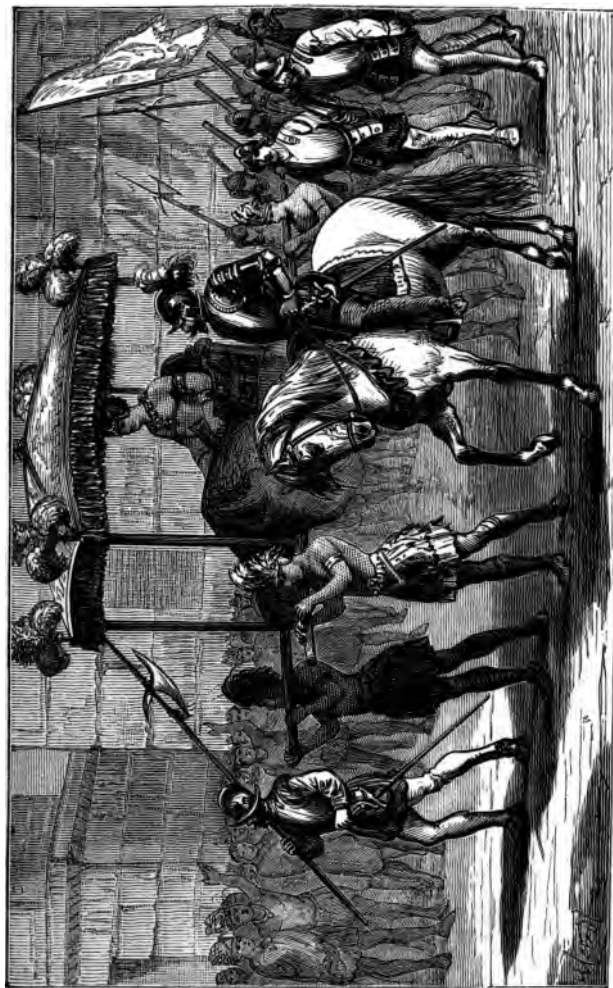
5. The final step is to implement the plan and monitor the progress. This involves executing the steps outlined in the plan and regularly checking in to see how things are going.

6. If the plan is not working, it may be necessary to go back to the analysis stage and re-evaluate the approach. This is a normal part of the problem-solving process.

7. Once the problem has been solved, it is important to reflect on the process and what was learned. This can help to improve future problem-solving efforts.

8. Finally, it is important to communicate the results of the problem-solving process to the relevant stakeholders. This ensures that everyone is aware of what has been achieved and can learn from the experience.





THE INCA'S COURT AND CAMP.—P. 124

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE INCA'S COURT AND CAMP.

**A**T the point where Pizarro had arrived, several lofty spurs of the Cordilleras, branching out at right angles from the principal range, stretched down directly towards the seacoast. It was at the foot of one of these that Pizarro had halted.

Between this and another spur, further south, lay a most picturesque and verdant valley of oval shape. On that side the mountains did not, as on the side where Pizarro was, tower upon the lands below in grim, rugged, abrupt, and forbidding grandeur. Gentle and wooded and grassy slopes swept from the spurs to the centre of the valley. On the round




THE BULL DOGS AT THE BULL DOGS

## CHAPTER XI.

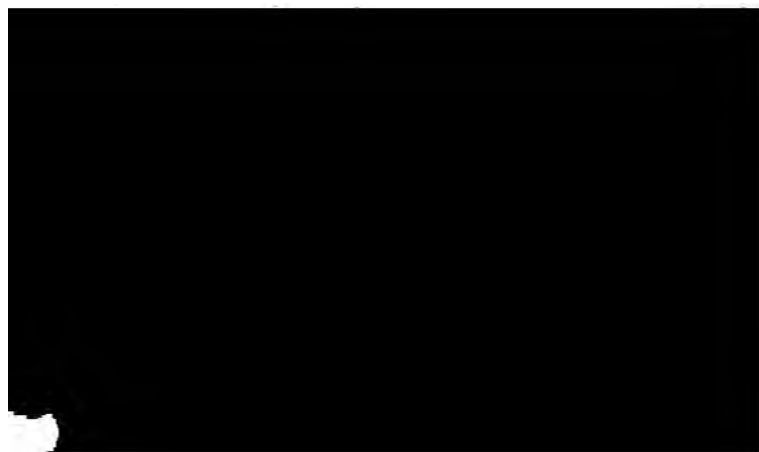
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with fields of yellow rice, and at not distant intervals spanned by two bridges, of which the engineering skill of civilised Europe need not have been ashamed.

It was on a slight plateau raised but little above the level of the river, that the famous town of *Cassimata* was built. Directly in front of it, stretching off toward the river, was an almost level plain, three miles long.

The town itself was imposing to the eye, and bore every evidence of skill and wealth. In its centre was a vast paved square, around which a high wall was built, and which was entered by two lofty gates. Here the people were wont to meet for their festivities and religious ceremonies, and to rejoice and gossip when the day's labours were over. In the wide and well-built streets were to be seen many houses a hundred feet long, each surrounded by a wall fifteen or sixteen feet high. These houses were often roofed with wood. On entering one of them, you would have found it divided into eight rooms, as well constructed as in a European dwelling, with walls of heavy stone surrounding a court, in the centre of which played a prettily-carved stone fountain. Huge palms and other trees and shrubs afforded the inmates a refreshing shelter from the blazing sun of the tropics, while in the well-kept gardens flourished flowers of the most dazzling hues.

Two fortresses loomed above the town. One rose on a hill towards the plains, near the public square, with which it was connected by a broad flight of stone steps. The other, larger than the first, was one





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of the Inca's palaces, and stood on a hill of porphyry between the town and the mountains. This fort was partly hewn out of the solid porphyry ; it was hollowed at the surface, so that the rock formed a wall or rampart around the main building ; while two other walls below joined it, forming a sort of spiral fortification. The edifice itself was built of great blocks of fine cut stone, and without any cement ; watch-towers rose at the angles ; it formed a hollow square ; and in the court were flowers and fountains. The fortress was approached from the city by broad steps cut in the solid rock.

Many other public buildings of attractive appearance greeted the eye of the stranger as he wandered through Caxamalca. There was a "house of the sun," surrounded by a high wall, in the court of which was a noble grove of trees ; and there were other temples, which the people might be seen entering with bowed heads and reverential step, having first been careful to take off their shoes, as the Parsees do in India, at the sacred entrance.

From Caxamalca there stretched away in the dis-



low, cushioned stool ; while those who attended him stood erect, with their heads bare, and bowed down with respect. A group of gorgeously-attired women lay at his feet. The figure of the Peruvian monarch was tall, robust, and majestic. His handsome, swarthy, beardless face betrayed in its expression at once dignity and courage. Piercing black eyes, somewhat bloodshot, and a resolute mouth, betrayed the Inca's pride, and sternness of character ; while his haughty bearing showed a consciousness of his despotic power.


While the throng about him were arrayed in dazzling robes, their persons bright with gold, many-coloured plumes, and emeralds, Atahualpa himself was more simply arrayed. On his head, the jet-black, straight hair of which was cut short, he wore a circlet of fringe of very fine crimson wool, the ends being untwisted, and interwoven with gold thread : this singular crown completely covered his forehead, and reached to his eyebrows. A long, loose robe of fine wool completely enveloped his body. On his fingers he wore large rings, and on his wrists massive bracelets of gold.

Not far from where the Inca sat was the lodging which he occupied in his camp. It was a slight structure, composed mainly of galleries that formed a broad square. In the centre was a small pavilion containing four rooms, richly hung and furnished, where the Inca slept, and took his meals. The court formed by the galleries contained a blooming pleasure garden ; while in the open space was also a great stone basin, reached by a flight of stone steps, and supplied

with water by aqueducts from the mountain streams. This was so arranged that either warm or cold water could be conducted into it. It was here that the monarch took his baths.

The Inca's favourite room in the pavilion looked out upon a pleasant orchard; and his sleeping-chamber, which joined it, gave a view of the court and the basin. The walls of these rooms were plastered with shining red bitumen, which gave them a bright and gay appearance.

As Atahualpa sat in the midst of his court, it was evident that both he and his nobles were stirred by some unusual excitement. One after another, generals and envoys advanced, kneeled before him, and, with their eyes on the ground (for the Inca was too sacred a person to look upon), muttered a report of what was going on at a distance. The Inca would scarcely betray, even by a nod, that he heard what they were saying. His eyes were fixed, and directed their glance straight before him. But, as report after report was brought to him, his dark features began to flush with unusual emotion, and at times his eyes flashed a fierce



divine orb shines above you bright and glorious : his holy rays, which illuminate your mighty empire, and impart courage to every Peruvian breast, scorch and strike dumb the ruthless and unbelieving invader, and make him fall fainting and dying on the parched desert, and even on the fruitful plain. Think, mighty monarch, that your vast and valorous hosts are gathered around you, and you in their midst cause their souls to thrill with longings to fight and die in the defence of your sacred person."

The Inca's face lit up as the high priest spoke these stirring words. With a slight smile he nodded to the venerable man, and then turned to one of the nobles standing by.

"How many did you say these strangers were?" he asked in a low voice.

"I could not answer precisely, great Inca," replied the noble, who was no other than the Inca's brother, who had visited Pizarro's camp ; "but not more, I am sure, than two hundred men."

"And how are they armed?"

"They have strange, long, round weapons, the like of which I have never before seen ; and, when they hold them up, a cloud of smoke rolls out of them, and makes a deafening noise like thunder. I have heard from others, that, when this smoke comes out, men at which they point these weapons fall down, and shriek and die in agony."

The Inca was silent a few moments, as if in deep thought. The group of courtiers pressed as near as they dared to catch every word uttered by the royal envoy.

3:

There were some monsters —

There were some monsters they had with

There

There were some monsters much larger than a  
 horse with long heads and shaggy necks, with four  
 legs that they called 'horses.' They mount  
 these monsters which forthwith run swiftly about with  
 them and seem entirely obedient to their riders.  
 These creatures sometimes throw up their heads, and  
 make a hideous noise that startled me; but the  
 natives told me to fear nothing, since this was only  
 done in sport."

"Their chief sent me friendly messages. He said  
 that he would come and visit me?"

"He did, mighty sovereign: he said that he  
 came to make friends with you, and not as your  
 enemy; that his own king, who lived far away over  
 the sea, wished to make you his brother and ally."

"But we must not trust to the words of a stranger,  
 and of one who has already seized and plundered my  
 country of Quito and slain my subjects."

He rose from his seat; whereupon the whole

Gathering up his robe,

while their arms, their bows and arrows, their slings and copper-pointed javelins, their battle-axes and swords, lay in heaps on the ground, or were arranged in piles beside the tents. The officers, in more brilliant array, were passing to and fro, now stopping to give an order, then sauntering away to their quarters. On their heads they wore a kind of helmet made of shaggy skins, from which rose, gracefully waving in the air, long and many-coloured plumes plucked from the gorgeous birds of the tropics. On the front of some of the helmets there glittered a row of large gems, and there were bucklers adorned with gold or silver mountings.

Above each tent floated a standard richly embroidered with woollen, gold, and silver thread; while over the quarters of the Inca might be seen the imperial banner of Peru, upon which shone a rainbow depicted in its several hues.


Atahualpa's breast heaved with proud emotion as his eye wandered from group to group and from tent to tent until it rested on the outposts, so far distant as to be scarcely visible; and he felt that he might safely defy any invader who dared to try his fortune, with so noble, brave, and numerous an armament.

Calling his courtiers and generals around him, he told them that he would make a progress through the camp. Straightway four nobles advanced with the royal litter, upon which the Inca mounted and sat down. A body of musicians made their appearance as if by magic, and soon the whole camp resounded with their weird martial melodies. At the same time the group of beautiful women, who had been lying in

graceful and languid postures at the Inca's feet, began to dance about the litter, and to sing a song of praise to the sun and to their sovereign.

In an instant all was bustle and hurry through the camp. Rude trumpets summoned the soldiers to their ranks; the officers hastened hither and thither, loudly giving their orders; the standards and banners were brought out; and the piles of arms melted away as each warrior grasped his weapon, and hurried into line beside his comrades.

The Inca's litter, borne upon the shoulders of four tall nobles, and surrounded by his court, generals, and women, passed in solemn state along the erect and even ranks; and officers and soldiers bent low their heads as the Child of the Sun passed, in all the refulgence of majesty, before them. The high plumes which rose above his head—for he had replaced the crimson fringe by a more brilliant diadem—nodded and waved as he was borne about, and his face, as he glanced along the lines of the strong and disciplined soldiers, assumed an expression of paternal gentleness and pride.





thought, every disposition to securely protect his empire.

But it was a Peruvian trait to dissemble; and Atahualpa was resolved, if possible, to get the Spaniards into his power by stratagem, rather than to meet them in open warfare. Besides, he was not sure that their designs were really hostile. It might be that they had come to offer him a valuable alliance. He might be able to strengthen his own power, which was not yet fully established, against the attempts of Huascar's party, by obtaining Pizarro's active friendship and aid.

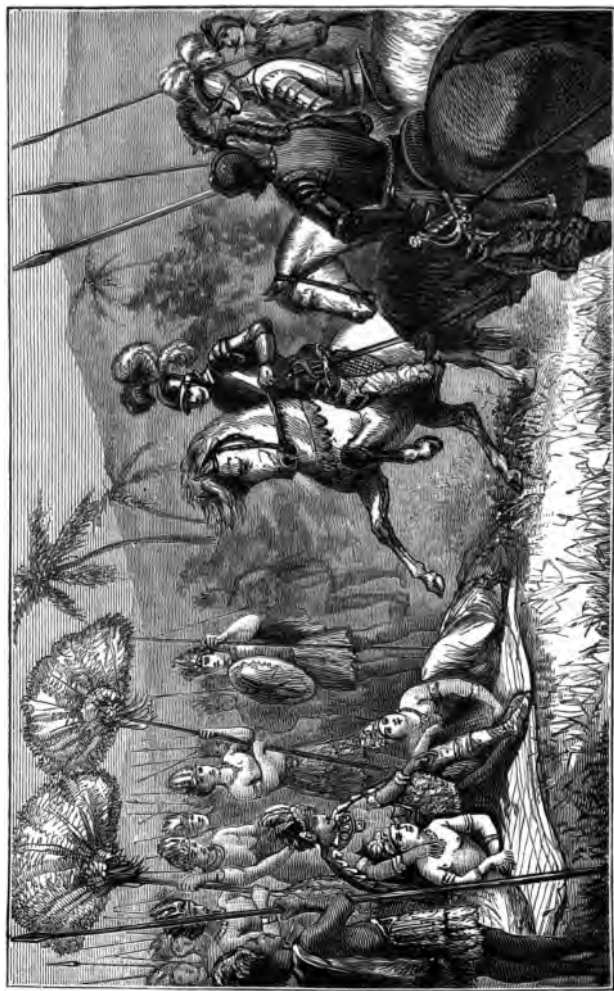
Atahualpa reckoned with confidence on the courage, discipline, devotion, and superior numbers of his army. He counted on easily overcoming so small a force as that of the strangers in the midst of his own dominions. But he did not know the superior intelligence of the Spaniards. He never dreamed that in Pizarro he had a redoubtable rival in stratagem, who might, by a bold and shrewd device, paralyze the strength even of his numerous host, and rob him of his despotic power.

The sun went down, and the moon rose; and the Inca, having taken his bath and performed his sunset devotions, retired serenely to rest. The vast camp relapsed into silence. Nothing was heard save the regular tramp of the sentries, the plash of the fountains, and the rapid flow of the river near by. Around the imperial quarters slept, in a circle, the Inca's body-guard. The standards floated gently in the night.

breese. No forewarning of coming disaster disturbed the slumbers of sovereign, officers, or soldiers.

Yet, on his death-bed, the Inca Huayna Capac had predicted, from the oracles long before delivered to his ancestors, that his empire was doomed to extinction by the hands of strangers with white complexions, and long, straight beards.





"De Soto thought that he would exhibit his good qualities."—p. 134

## CHAPTER XII.

## PIZARRO AT CAXAMALCA.

IN crossing the Cordilleras, Pizarro had the choice of two roads. One led directly to Caxamalca, where the Inca and his army were encamped. The other took a more roundabout course, having the Inca's camp on the left, and passing by Chinchá to Cuzco, the Peruvian capital. The first road passed over the most difficult and dangerous mountain-heights: by the other, the way into the centre of Peru was comparatively easy. If Pizarro went by the first, he would meet the Inca and his hosts face to face; if by the other, he would avoid this encounter, and might, perhaps, march without serious obstacles into the midst of the land of gold.

Which should he choose?

Some of his officers urged him to take the easier route. They pointed out the difficulties of the mountain-ascent, the danger of ambushes, the certainty of being confronted by Atahualpa, if he chose the road to Caxamalca. He would avoid all these by marching by the road on the right.

"No!" cried Pizarro. "We will not flinch, having come thus far, before the might of the Inca. Sooner



by great blazing fires, about which the men eagerly crowded to warm themselves.

Pizarro halted at the summit long enough to rest his weary company, and to reconnoitre the path at some distance ahead; and, while he was there, he received another envoy from the Inca, who brought a present of some sheep, and repeated the message of welcome and invitation Pizarro had before received. It was from this envoy that Pizarro heard for the first time of the war that had been going on between Atahualpa and his brother Huascar, and of Atahualpa's triumph and usurpation; and, like the shrewd adventurer that he was, the idea at once struck him to turn these events to his own advantage.

The march was soon resumed through many narrow passes and defiles among the mountains, and then upon a road, which, descending on the other side, wound in zigzag turnings over the mountain-spurs, and across many a deep and jagged chasm. Sometimes the Spaniards came upon villages, which they did not hesitate to occupy, though they refrained from plundering or otherwise ill-treating the inhabitants. At last they came in sight of the beautiful and wide-spreading valley where lay Caxamalca, and, beyond the town, Atahualpa's camp.

Pizarro stood upon a jutting crag, and gazed long and earnestly upon the fair and fruitful land that lay stretched out before him far as eye could reach. There, indeed, was the land which he had for so many years yearned to see, and longed to conquer, and which now seemed almost within his grasp. The supreme attempt was now near. Behind him lay ruin

and death. To retreat now was not only to miserably fail, but to invite certain destruction. There was but one course to pursue—to press vigorously and bravely forward, and to strain every nerve to possess the empire which had so long glittered, a glorious but almost unattainable prize, in his dreams by day and night.

There was still no sign that his approach to Caxamalca would be resisted. The villages he passed seemed friendly, and more than one hospitable message was brought to him from the Inca as he advanced.

Descending over the green and gentle slopes into the valley, Pizarro and his comrades pitched their camp on a broad plateau. No sooner had they done so than a large party of Peruvians came up the road, bearing a choice and plenteous supply of provisions which the Inca had sent. Upon these they feasted merrily till late in the night. The atmosphere was once more mild, and it seemed to them delicious to sleep again on the green turf and in a balmy air.

The next morning Pizarro led his little army to within three miles of Caxamalca. There he halted



heart of the cavalier sank for an instant within him as he gazed upon the vast encampment, and realized what a mighty force he was about to brave. If so, he soon recovered himself ; and his face assumed an expression of grim determination, which betrayed his resolve to stake all in the attempt to conquer.

From his distant camp, too, the Inca Atahualpa gazed long and wonderingly at the procession of Spanish horsemen and soldiers, with their flying banners and their glittering mail, as they streamed along the high-road, and approached, unresisted, nearer and nearer to the famous town. For Pizarro had once more given the order to "Forward march !" and, as the Inca looked, he could just see the van of the Spanish column, marching three deep, and entering the gates of Caxamalca.

Pizarro advanced at the head of his troops. As he entered the streets, he was surprised to find them quite deserted. The houses were all closed, as if the inhabitants feared that the strangers would assail them ; and only here and there did he see a stray Peruvian hastening around a corner to avoid being observed.

The procession moved in military order directly to the public square. Here their tents were pitched in a hurry ; for at this moment a violent hail-storm burst over the town. It was just at dusk, on the 15th of November, 1532, that Pizarro thus established himself at Caxamalca.

Every precaution was necessary to prevent a surprise. Pizarro could not be sure of the Inca's real purpose. It might well be that he only waited to decoy the Spaniards into the town, in order to surround them



~~the~~ the vicinity. NO signs of hostility, how-  
~~ever~~ ~~they~~ themselves; and the Spaniards slept  
~~through~~ through the night in some low huts that  
~~the~~ the square.

~~It was~~ to be lost in finding out the Inca's real  
intentions. So the next morning Pizarro called De  
Soto to him, and told him to take fifteen horsemen,  
go to the Inca's camp, seek an audience of the  
monarch, and see if the Spaniards would be welcomed  
there.

When the commander had given these orders,  
his brother Hernando, who was standing by, said—

"Listen, sir, that fifteen horsemen will not be enough  
to go to the Inca's camp. If he should choose to  
attack them, they would soon be destroyed. We have  
in all sixty cavalry, and can spare twenty more, and  
will have enough behind to act as sentries on the  
quadrangle of the town."

"Very well," replied Pizarro: "do you take twenty  
good horsemen, and yourself follow De Soto to  
the Inca."

The cavalcade set out, and was soon upon the high-  
way leading to the Peruvian camp. At its head rode

horses into the stream, and ascended the bank in safety on the other side.

Here they found a large force of Peruvian warriors drawn up in line, with their lances in rest, and their bows in their hands. For a moment De Soto suspected that he was about to be attacked, and ordered his cavalymen to keep close together ; but one of the Peruvian officers advanced, made friendly signs, and offered to conduct the party into the presence of the Inca. Hernando Pizarro now came up with twenty horsemen, and accompanied De Soto to the imperial camp.

Atahualpa had been apprised of their approach, and was once more seated, surrounded by his brilliantly-attired court and beautiful women, on the lawn in front of his pavilion. De Soto advanced on horseback in the midst of the throng, followed by Hernando and several other cavaliers, and stopped just in front of the Inca. All preserved complete silence. The Peruvians gazed in wonder and some fear at the richly-caparisoned horses, and their riders in shining armour: the Spaniards stared curiously back, but kept a bold and proud front.

Then Hernando Pizarro, through an interpreter, addressed the Peruvian monarch.

"Our commander," he said, "has sent us hither to assure you of his friendship and good-will. We are the subjects of a great and mighty prince across the ocean, who has vast and unconquerable dominions, and who seeks allies the world over. We have come to render homage to your power, and to offer you the aid of our arms in your battles."

He sat and sat perfectly motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, ever since the Spaniards had made their appearance. While Hernando was speaking he could move a muscle, or seem to hear a word that was said. There was a moment of silence after Hernando had ceased, when a tall and dark-featured noble, who was much older than the others, advanced a few paces and said—

"A moment's silence followed; but Hernando, whose nature's bolder spirit, would not give up his purpose, again addressed the Inca, and asked what conditions he intended to give the Spaniards in Peru. The Inca then slowly raised his head, and replied, in a low, hoarse tone—

"I will discuss with us. To-morrow I will go to the council of war intended by my chiefs. I will return to you in six days. When I see the result, I will say what is to be done."

"The Inca then bowed his head and the interview; and, having nothing more to say, they rested with an expression of distrust upon the noble white war-

breadth, and his countenance remained stolidly immovable.

De Soto and his party were then invited in one of the larger tents to such good cheer as Peru afforded ; and they gazed with covetous eyes upon the heavy golden goblets, studded with emeralds, which the women brought to them foaming with "chicha," a favourite Peruvian beverage made of maize.

They now returned to Caxamalca to tell of the things that they had seen. Their story of the mighty armament of the Inca, the sturdy frames and good discipline of his soldiers, and the suspicious reception they had met with, caused many a stalwart heart in the Spanish camp to sink with dismay.

How could a mere handful of men, however brave, and however well armed, cope with a host numbering thousands and tens of thousands ? How could they defy such an army, arrayed on its own ground, at its base of supplies, and with which the entire surrounding population claimed kindred and brotherhood ?

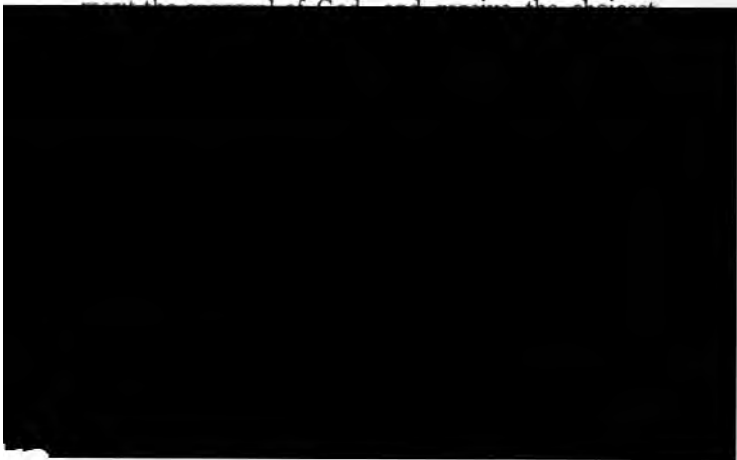
That night there were sombre murmurs in the squares of Caxamalca, and the mutterings of discontent could not long be kept from Pizarro's ears. For his part, he, too, had thought of the tremendous odds against him, of the folly of braving the Peruvians with his own little force, of the dangers that frowned grimly upon him from every side.

But Pizarro knew that the art of war did not consist wholly of struggles in the open battlefield. He reflected that he had other resources in his fertile brain than a desperate trial of arms with arms. The history of his own great kinsman Cortez had not been perused

and studied over and over in vain. Cortez had conquered the haughty Montezuma by a bold stratagem which only a man of genius could have conceived, and only a man of unflinching courage could have put in execution.

Pizarro knew well he could not retreat. The avenging onset of the Peruvians would overtake and destroy him before he could reach the spurs of the Cordilleras; or, if he escaped into the bleak mountain-defiles, it would be to die a miserable death of exposure and starvation.

Quickly, therefore, he made up his mind what to do; but the plan he formed was so strange and daring, that he dared not at first confide it even to his officers. He went with a cheerful and confident countenance among his men. He roused their spirits by his reassuring voice and his defiant words. He told them that they were on the eve of an unlooked-for triumph, and he awoke all their pride and courage by ridiculing their fears. He reminded them that the Peruvians were heathen, while they were Christians; and persuaded them, that, in conquering Peru, they would merit the reward of God, and receive the choicest



"My comrades," said he, "we are, as you know, in a desperate situation. To openly defy the Inca would be the greatest folly. His army outnumbers us, it may be, a thousand to one. It is fully equipped, composed of strong and brave men, who would fight desperately for their country. We cannot throw down the gage of battle. Nor can we retreat. To do so, would be, at best, to have failed in the great undertaking of our lives. Even if we got safely back to Panama, we should be despised and hooted at, and find ourselves impoverished, and perhaps outcasts. But we should not get back. We cannot leave this country safely, except as conquerors. To turn and fly would be as certain destruction as to march to-morrow, with two hundred men, against a camp containing two hundred thousand."

"What then, commander, do you propose?" eagerly asked the fiery-hearted De Soto. "Shall we remain here at Caxamalca, and defend ourselves to the last?"

"We shall remain here, but not to enter upon a desperate defence. I have thought of a plan, by the execution of which alone success is possible. To-morrow the Inca comes to visit us in our camp. He will come with some force, to be sure, but not a large one. He will not dream of any harm, with his great army lying but a league distant. When he comes I shall take him prisoner."

"Take the Inca prisoner!" exclaimed the others.


"Why not?" retorted Pizarro, looking sternly around. "Have you forgotten Hernando Cortez? He went to Mexico, as we have come to Peru, with a paltry force. He found there, as we do here, a mighty

prince, surrounded by a brilliant court and a vast army. He entered a city of that prince, as we have of the Inca ; he decoyed Montezuma to his quarters ; he made him a prisoner ; and, spite of Montezuma's court, and army, and riches, Cortez became the conqueror of Mexico."

"It is a perilous plan !" cried De Soto.

"But is not our situation perilous?" returned Pizarro. "If Cortez succeeded, so may we. Had Cortez failed, his fate would have been what ours will be if we, too, fail. The most resolute daring alone will save us, and we might as well risk our lives in strategy as in conflict or retreat. At the least, once in possession of the Inca, we shall have the strongest pledge of our safety. The Peruvians will not dare to lay hands on us when, by a single blow, we can take the Inca's life."

His comrades saw and felt the force of his words, and offered no further objection. They declared themselves ready and eager to take their share in the desperate plot, and left the commander's tent to prepare for the morrow. Sentries were mounted at every



sentinels, as they paced up and down, looked in vain for any signs of a hostile attack ; and the soldiers, lying with their arquebuses loaded at their side, forgot the terrible dangers of their situation in profound slumber.

Pizarro alone did not close his eyes on the eve of his rash attempt. He walked to and fro in his tent, his brow knit in deep cogitation of the means by which he should put it in execution. By morning he had thought it all out ; and, when the trumpets called officers and men to their breakfast, he met them with a cheerful and confident mien.




## CHAPTER XIII.

## ATAHUALPA A PRISONER.

THE sun, the deity of the Peruvians, rose bright and warm on the morning of Saturday, Nov. 16, 1532, as if to cheer his worshippers with his refulgence, and to assure them of his celestial protection.

As his rays struck the white shining walls of Caxamalca, they lit up a camp full of bustle and preparation. Pizarro had now imparted his project to his men, and a new energy seemed to animate their movements. In two halls, which formed two of the sides of the square, and were connected with it by a number of high doors, the Spanish cavalry, mounted and armed, took up their positions. The main body



as a signal : when he did this, they were to issue forth in regular lines, and perform whatever task their officers commanded. Their lives and fortunes, he told them, were at stake, and hung upon the presence of mind and promptness with which they should act at the decisive moment.

The armour worn by the soldiers had been newly burnished, so that it shone brightly ; bells had been fastened to the harness of the horses ; and the soldiers had been regaled with an ample breakfast, that they might be in condition for vigorous service. The final preparation was the performance of mass by the priests, who prayed fervently that the blessings of God might attend Pizarro's design ; and the soldiers solemnly chanted a hymn at the end.

The morning wore away, and yet there were no signs of the Inca's approach. Pizarro began to grow uneasy. He was greatly relieved when a sentry announced that a Peruvian envoy had appeared at the gate, and asked to be admitted to the Spanish chief.

" Let him enter," said Pizarro.

The Peruvian advanced cautiously, and glanced with surprise around the almost-empty square. He had expected to see an armament in brilliant array. Approaching Pizarro with more confidence, he spoke to him through an interpreter :—

" The Inca has sent me to tell you that he will come and see you, and that he will bring with him an armed force ; for your men that went yesterday to the royal camp were armed. And he would have you send to him a Christian to attend him hither."

"Tell your master that he may come when and how he pleases, and he shall be welcomed as a friend and a brother: but I shall send him no Christian, since that is not our custom."

This envoy had not been gone long before another came and sought an interview with Pizarro. He soon made known his errand:—

"The Inca does not wish to bring his soldiers all armed, and some that come with him will be unarmed. He desires to lodge them in the town; and he himself will lodge here in the square, in the house called 'The House of the Serpent,' because it is adorned with a serpent of stone."

"So be it," replied Pizarro: "only I pray that it may come quickly: for I am anxious to see him."

The messenger returned back to the Inca's camp; and early in the afternoon, Pizarro, who had gone up into the tower to watch for Atahualpa's approach, observed the sun alive with the Peruvian legions, who were steadily marching and advancing upon the

At last the vanguard of the Peruvians reached a plain not more than a third of a mile from the town. Here, Pizarro remarked, they came to a halt; and the army gathered more and more dense upon the plain. This puzzled him. Were they about to form in battle-array, and descend upon him in force? or were they simply pausing for rest, or perhaps to remain on the plain while the Inca paid his visit? The last supposition proved to be correct.

A messenger presently came to Pizarro, with word from Atahualpa that he intended to stay on the plain that night, and that he would visit him on the morrow.

This was not at all what Pizarro wished. His preparations to receive the Inca were all complete. If the Peruvian monarch failed to come now, his carefully-laid scheme might be defeated.

So he sent back an earnest request that the Inca should not delay his visit.

"Tell him," said Pizarro, "that I await him at supper, and that I shall not sup until he comes; and let him hasten, that I may welcome him in the square before it is dark."

This pressing invitation seemed to have an immediate effect. Pizarro knew that the Inca had decided to yield to his request by the bustle and hurry in the Peruvian camp which at once followed the messenger's return.

Presently a portion of the great mass of Peruvians began to separate from the rest, and to move directly towards the town. Pizarro hastened from point to point to tell his officers that the Inca was really

cession ; and in another moment the Inca appeared, seated on a throne of massive gold upon a lofty litter, and surrounded by other litters on which sat many of his great nobles. It was a most imposing sight to see this mighty monarch seated high above the heads of those who surrounded him, the gorgeous plumes that adorned his diadem waving and nodding in the air, the blood-red fringe covering his swarthy brow, his long robe falling in heavy folds over the sides of the glittering litter, and a wide collar of large and dazzling emeralds fastened about his neck ; while on either side of the litter gathered a group of courtiers, more brilliantly arrayed than any who had yet entered the square, and wearing coronets of silver and gold.

As Atahualpa was borne forward, his countenance betrayed the serene expression of true majesty, that disdained to show emotion even if he felt it. He glanced quietly around, and looked at the little group of Spanish chiefs, who awaited him at the farther end of the square, with an air of quiet and confident dignity.

Following the *cortège* of the Inca came other battalions of Peruvian troops, so that in no long time the square seemed filled with them. A small fortress in one corner of the square was occupied by several of these companies. Atahualpa ordered the men who bore him to stop in the centre of the open space. There he awaited Pizarro's movements.

No sooner had the litter come to a standstill, than a Spanish monk named Friar Vicente, in his cowl, girdle of rope, and rosary, and holding in one hand


a large cross, and in the other a Bible, advanced slowly towards the Inca, with a Peruvian interpreter at his side.

The Inca gazed at him curiously, and so did all the Peruvians. They had become used to the appearance of the Spanish soldiers; but they had not before seen a monk.

The friar stood just beneath the Inca, and, raising his eyes to Atahualpa, began to speak in a solemn and measured voice. The interpreter translated his words to the Inca.

"I am a priest of God," he said, "and teach Christians; and I have come also to teach you. I teach what God tells his people in this book. In the name of God, and of the Christians, I beseech you to be their friend. This is God's will, and it will be for your good. Go and speak to the commander, who is waiting for you."

Atahualpa, seeing the Bible, held out his hand to take it. The monk gave it to him closed. The Inca turned it over, and looked at it curiously, and tried to open it, but did not know how. Vicente



Vicente was astonished to hear this unfriendly speech, and eagerly replied,—

“No, great sovereign. They were Indians who took the cloth, and our commander ordered them to be punished.”

“I shall remain here,” retorted Atahualpa sternly, “till it has all been restored to me.”

The monk then continued to exhort the Inca to submit to the authority of the King of Spain, to become a Christian, and to abandon the idolatry of the sun. At this Atahualpa’s eyes flashed; and, turning proudly upon Vicente, he said,—

“I will never be the vassal of any potentate, however mighty. I will be friends with your royal master; but I am greater than he. I will not be a Christian, but, as ever, worship my deity who shines in the heavens, and who even now sheds his parting rays upon me.”

As he spoke, the Inca inclined his head toward the sun, which was just sinking behind the distant hills.

Vicente despaired of making any impression upon the Inca’s mind, and, turning, walked rapidly to the spot where Pizarro was impatiently awaiting the result of his interview, at the farther end of the square.

Sir,” exclaimed the monk, “the infidel casts the Bible in the dust, and rejects my plea that he should become a Christian. See you not what is taking place? Why do you treat longer with this proud dog, when the plain is covered with Indians? Fall upon him, bold cavalier! I absolve you!”

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Peruvians as they approached, killing and wounding them, and driving them back into the square again.

While the foot-soldiers dealt deadly havoc with their guns, the cavalry, plunging their horses among the groups that crouched trembling near the walls, slashed right and left with their sabres, and mowed the Peruvians down like grass.

Soon the square was filled with the bodies of the dead and the dying, with thick clouds of smoke and the terrible din of conflict. At one point only did the Peruvians attempt to make a resolute stand. The sacred person of the Inca was in danger. A crowd of nobles and soldiers, at the first onset, had gathered close around the imperial litter, resolved to defend the precious life of their sovereign to the last extremity. These heroic men fought desperately. They grasped the Spaniards, hurled them from their steeds, struggled one against a dozen, and for a time held them at bay.


All this time, Pizarro, with drawn sword, kept a firm grip on the Inca's arm. The litter swayed to and fro with the shock of the conflict ; but the cavalier was determined that his splendid prisoner should not escape him. At last the heroic nobles, who had been so bravely defending the person of their monarch, were subdued, and one and all of them lay dead or wounded at the foot of the litter.

To rush upon the bearers of the litter and dispatch them was the work of a moment. The litter fell to the ground ; and Pizarro now clutched Atahualpa, who tottered and nearly fell with the shock, tightly by the arm. Some of the Spaniards, their thirst for blood

fiercely aroused, were eager to put the Inca to instant death ; but Pizarro had the presence of mind to see that this would ruin his project. He protected the Inca with his own body, and in doing so received from one of his own soldiers a slight wound in the hand.

By this time the havoc of the Peruvians was nearly over. But few had escaped : almost the entire force which had accompanied the unfortunate Inca within the square were stretched upon its surface.

Atahualpa, as he was led away, seemed completely crestfallen and utterly dazed by what had been passing before him. He hung his head, as one from whom all glory had departed, who had tasted humiliation to the dregs. As he passed slowly along among the bodies of his dead and dying nobles and soldiers, one of the Spaniards grasped the fringe which covered his forehead and tore it off. Atahualpa scarcely looked up. The long feathers which had adorned his diadem were broken and ruffled, and now drooped and joggled, as if to sympathise with the abject state of their wearer.



the Spaniards in securing the prisoners that had been taken, might still be heard.

The Inca, with a sad, dejected face, took a seat, as he was ordered, beside his captor ; but though tempting viands were set before him, and he was still treated with some ceremony and respect, he could not be persuaded to touch a morsel.

Pizarro, having finished supping, turned to his prisoner, and spoke to him sternly through an interpreter :—

“Do not deceive yourself, Inca of Peru. We are the subjects of a mighty king, mightier than you. We have come to conquer this land in his name, to make you his vassal, and to convert you to be a Christian, so that you may not lead a heathen life as you have done. This is why we, so few, have been able to overcome your vast army.”

The Inca shook his head sorrowfully, and in an absent way replied,—

“I was deceived by my captains. They told me not to fear the Spaniards, but to come forward boldly with my army, and attack them. I desired to come in peace, but they prevented me. I now see that the Spaniards are brave and daring. I have suffered the fortune of war.”

“You have nothing to fear,” said Pizarro, “if you submit to us quietly. I war only upon my enemies. If you keep faith with me, I will protect you.”

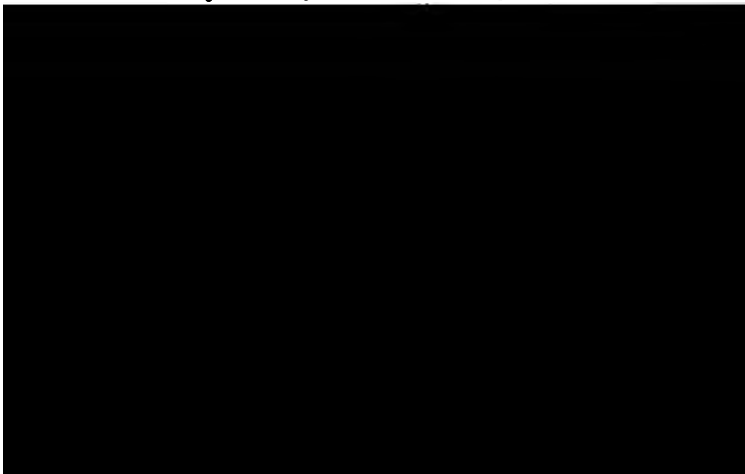
Pizarro, though brave and brilliant in exploits, was both perfidious and cruel in his treatment of the Inca, and in his proceedings in Peru. We may admire his courage and perseverance, his self-reliance and mili-

tary genius ; but we cannot but condemn many of his acts as barbarous and bloodthirsty, and his objects as covetous and selfish.

While Pizarro was supping with the captive Inca, a body of Spanish cavalry, excited by their triumph, ventured out of the town, and pursued along the highway the Peruvians who had succeeded in escaping from the square. They approached the broad field where Atahualpa's main army was still bivouacked, and exulted to see that the camp was in the utmost confusion, and that the Peruvian troops, seized by a terrible panic, were making hasty preparations for flight.

They succeeded in taking a large number of prisoners. Before, however, they could infuse new terror into the already panic-stricken army, they were recalled to Caxamalca by the shrill voices of the trumpets. Re-entering the square, they found all their comrades drawn up in order, and Pizarro and his lieutenants in their midst.

When the prisoners had been huddled together in the buildings near by, and a watchful guard had been



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although the victory is ours, we must still be vigilant. The Peruvians are defeated ; but they are cunning and skilful in war. They will strain every nerve to rescue the Inca. There yet remains much to be done. This night, and every night, the strictest watch must be kept, the rounds must be gone regularly, and we must be prepared for every thing."

The soldiers were then dismissed to their quarters. The unfortunate Inca was provided with a bed in Pizarro's own chamber, and was allowed to have such of his women as he chose to wait upon him. A watchful guard was put over him ; although Pizarro was careful that Atahualpa should not perceive those who guarded him.

The captor and the captive, on that memorable night, slept side by side.



all his men, could they have rallied and attacked him. But they had lost their chief, their valiant monarch. There was no one to lead them ; and such was their terror at what had taken place, that they thought of nothing but flight.

The Spaniards captured many prisoners, among them a number of women, some of whom were wives of the Inca. They also took a great quantity of sheep which had been collected to feed the Inca's army. But what most dazzled and delighted Pizarro was the amount of treasure they brought in.

In the Inca's pavilion they had found riches beyond their expectations. Massive gold plates, jars, cups and ornamental basins, necklaces, rings and bracelets, and many large, brilliant emeralds, were gathered, and laid by the cavaliers at Pizarro's feet. This was only a foretaste of the wealth he was destined to discover.


Pizarro was puzzled what to do with the great number of Peruvian prisoners that had been taken. He could not carry them with him, nor could he spare any of his men to stay behind and guard them. So he ordered his soldiers to choose such prisoners as they liked, to act as their servants ; and the rest of the Peruvians he set free, to return to their homes. Some of the more brutal of his soldiers wished to slaughter them all, or at least to cut off their hands, and thus render them unable to fight ; but Pizarro sternly reprov'd them, and declared that he would not be guilty of such cruelty.

So many sheep were brought in, that after killing as many as his army could eat, and as could be preserved,

he let the rest loose on the mountains. Although he was eager to continue his conquest, Pizarro remained some time at Caxamalca, in order to rest his men, and to make every preparation for a vigorous campaign. He hoped, too, to receive re-enforcements from St. Michael, and perhaps from Panama ; for he lost no time in sending home the news of his amazing victory. Meanwhile he employed the time in strengthening the fortifications of Caxamalca, and in erecting a church there, with a view to settling it as a Spanish colony.

He availed himself of this period to converse often with his royal prisoner, and to try to reconcile him to his lot. Atahualpa's spirits, after the first few days, somewhat revived. He learned to speak Spanish very quickly ; and Pizarro taught him to play chess and cards, which the poor captive seemed to enjoy very much.

The Inca also betrayed a great deal of enthusiasm in learning to read and write Spanish. He was puzzled to know whether the Spaniards were able to read by instinct, or whether they had to learn as he





Inca seemed to regard him with less respect and awe than before.

On another occasion, when Pizarro and his royal captive were sitting at the door of their quarters, Atahualpa became very talkative, and gave Pizarro a long account of what had happened in recent years in Peru. He told Pizarro about his father Huayna Capac's wars; how he and his brother Huascar had quarrelled; and how it came to pass that he, and not Huascar, was reigning over the empire. Then, after sitting silent for some time in deep thought, the Inca said,—

"If you will let me go free, commander, I will not only deliver my brother Huascar into your hands, but I will give you gold enough to half fill a large room: you shall have vases and jars, and bars of gold, piled ten feet high. And I will do yet more: you shall have silver enough to fill a large chamber twice over."

"How soon can you do this?"

"In two months' time."

"Whence will you obtain all this wealth?"

"At my capital of Cuzco, many leagues away."

"How long will it take your messengers to go thither?"

"When they are sent on important errands, they run from village to village, and could reach Cuzco in fifteen days."

"Very well: if you do as you say, you shall be free."

The Inca sprang joyfully to his feet, and beckoned to a Peruvian who was standing near.

"Hasten to Cuzco," said he, speaking rapidly,


"and order my chief men there to send two thousand men hither, bearing all the gold and silver they can carry."

The Peruvian started at once ; and soon was seen trotting along the highway, and disappearing at the turning of the road.

Although the Inca was kept a prisoner, Pizarro permitted him to have his wives to keep him company, and his servants to wait upon him. When his nobles came to visit him, they were freely admitted to his presence ; and Pizarro observed that they came before their captive sovereign with the same ceremonies of awe and reverence to which the Inca was accustomed when in his glory.

It may be remembered that Atahualpa, not long before Pizarro's arrival in Peru, had defeated and captured his elder brother, the Inca Huascar, and had caused him to be shut up in a distant fortress.

As soon as Huascar heard of Pizarro's victory, he contrived to send a message to him, that, if the Spaniards would set him free, he would give them  
twice as much gold and silver as Atahualpa had



into the deep and rapid stream, and he sank screaming into its waters.

Pizarro was enraged when he heard this, and swore to himself that he would visit this crime upon Atahualpa's own head. It was not so much that the rough Spanish cavalier was shocked by the enormity of the deed, as that it gave him an excuse to deal with the captive Inca as he pleased.

In due time, the treasure promised by Atahualpa as his ransom began to arrive; and the eyes of the Spaniards sparkled with avarice as they saw the glittering heaps of golden plate, the ewers and basins and vases, and bars of the pure precious metal, so heavy that it took three or four men to lift them.

"It is indeed," they exclaimed, "a land of gold! We shall return laden with riches. Let us hasten and complete the conquest of this wonderful empire!"

Pizarro was as eager as the rest to push on; but, before doing so, he thought it wise that the country beyond should be explored. Rumours had reached him of the gathering of a Peruvian army, with the intent to attack him, and rescue the Inca; and, with his little force, it was, above all, important to run as few risks as possible.

So he sent out his brother Hernando on an expedition southward to explore the country, find out if there were any evidences of resistance, gather what treasure he could, and see what the disposition of the people was.

Hernando took with him twenty horsemen and as many foot-soldiers, and, finding broad and even high-roads, marched rapidly through the land as far as a

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The Peruvian starts trotting along the high turning of the road.

Although the Incas permitted him to have pay, and his servants nobles came to visit his prisoners; and I believe their captives of war and women would when in his

It may be remembered that Plummer's exposure of his older cousin led to the


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great town called Pachacamac, where he found a splendid temple erected to a great Peruvian deity of the same name. Everywhere on the way he was received with a friendly welcome that amazed him. Sometimes the Peruvian villagers would come out to meet him, singing and dancing, and playing upon curious instruments; sometimes he found banquets already spread, with which to regale him and his comrades. Nowhere was there the least sign of hostility to his advance.

Arriving at Pachacamac, Hernando marched straight to the great temple of which he had heard so much; and the simple natives trembled with horror to see the Spaniards tramp boldly into the sacred edifice, tear down the image of their god, and shatter it to pieces on the pavement. This Hernando did because he professed to be horrified by the idolatry of the Peruvians, and wished to show them how easily a Christian could destroy their most dread deities.

Having found, to his sore disappointment, that the treasures of Pachacamac, which had lured him thither, had been hurriedly removed and hidden by the priests







THE INCA'S DOOM.—P. 169



that a great Peruvian general, named Challcuchima, with no less than thirty-five thousand men, was encamped a few miles distant. This news was alarming; but Hernando Pizarro was as brave and bold as his brother, and he promptly sent to the general, and asked him to visit him at Xauxa. This Challcuchima, did; and so far from thinking of attacking the Spaniards, even with his large force, he allowed Hernando to persuade him to return with him, and visit the captive sovereign at Caxamalca.

Callcuchima was a noble, soldierly-looking old man, with flowing white hair, and a stalwart, erect frame. As he passed with Hernando Pizarro along the broad high-road that led from Xauxa to Caxamalca, borne on a high litter, and surrounded by a numerous array of attendants, the simple people crowded by the roadside, and greeted him with the respect and awe due to his high military rank. It was evident that he was one of the chief men of Peru.

It seems strange that so powerful and brave a general should consent to leave a force of thirty-five thousand men, and submissively follow a mere handful of Spaniards to a place where the captors of his sovereign were in command. But it must be remembered that all Peru was panic-stricken by Pizarro's bold stratagem and miraculous success. The people looked upon the Spaniards, who had so easily overcome the Child of the Sun, as beings more than human. Their terrible weapons, their horses, those monsters upon which they rode, appeared to prove that they were a higher order of beings. This terror

promised had not arrived, and Pizarro was resolved to lose no portion of the booty. So, demanding of the Inca a safe-conduct, he dispatched three cavaliers, who were accompanied by the Inca's brother, to Cuzco, the capital of Peru, to hasten the sending forward of the ransom, and to observe and report what they saw on the way and in the city.

Soon after Hernando's arrival, these cavaliers also returned. They had fully as marvellous a tale to tell as Hernando. Thanks to the Inca's orders to his people, they had everywhere been received with honour and hospitality. The great road to Cuzco they described as a wonder of engineering science; and they had been carried over it, almost the entire way—a distance of six hundred miles—in chairs on the shoulders of the natives. They had passed through many large, handsome, flourishing towns; and on their arrival at Cuzco they had been welcomed with feasts and sports, and had been luxuriously lodged in a splendid palace. They described Cuzco in the most glowing colours. They declared that the walls of the Temple of the Sun were actually plated with massive gold, and that they themselves had taken from it no less than seven hundred golden plates.

These cavaliers, indeed, brought back from Cuzco an immense quantity of gold and silver, which they had taken, despite the feeble resistance of the natives, from the temples and convents. Their story, and the fresh evidences they produced of the incalculable wealth of Peru, only whetted the cupidity of the Spaniards the more, and made them more than ever eager to complete the conquest of the country.

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Almagro in the best quarters Caxamalca afforded, he began at once to concert with him plans for advancing to Cuzco, and taking full possession of Peru.

A most pleasant task remained to be fulfilled before they left Caxamalca. This was to divide up the great mass of treasure which had been collected as the ransom of the Inca. Several of the buildings in the great square were heaped up and filled with this treasure. It consisted of a great variety of articles of gold and silver. There were not only goblets, basins, vases, table-plate, utensils, the golden slabs that had panelled the walls of the temples, and the heavy golden bars which had formed their cornices, but solid golden fountains, and birds, vegetables, and fruits carved in the precious metal.

In order to divide these dazzling riches, it was necessary to melt them all down into square ingots, or bars ; and when this had been done, and the whole had been weighed, it was found that the value of the gold in possession of the Spaniards was about what the stupendous sum of fifteen millions of dollars is at the present time ! The silver amounted also to a very considerable sum.

The division of the spoils was then made with the most solemn ceremony. First, a fifth of the whole was deducted and set apart for Pizarro's sovereign, the Emperor Charles V., which Hernando Pizarro was ordered to carry for him to Spain. Then Pizarro received the principal share, which in itself was a large fortune, besides the massive throne of gold on which Atahualpa had been brought to Caxamalca. Next came Hernando, De Soto, and the other prin-



"Atahualpa has sent to Quito and other provinces, with orders to collect troops and march against you; and kill you all. The army is now very near this place. It will come at night, and attack and set fire to the camp. There are two hundred thousand men in this army, and thirty thousand Caribs besides, who eat human flesh."

Pizarro at once summoned the captive Inca to his presence; and, when Atahualpa with grave and gloomy countenance appeared, he exclaimed, "What is this treason you have done to me? I have treated you with honour and indulgence, and have been a brother to you; and you now betray my trust."

"Why do you laugh at me?" responded the Inca with a disdainful smile. "When you speak to me, you are always joking. What am I, and all my people, that we should trouble such valiant men as you are? Do not speak such folly to me."

Pizarro, however, was by no means convinced of Atahualpa's innocence: besides, he needed some such excuse as the rumours of an attack afforded, to still keep the Inca a close prisoner.

Every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise. Reports kept coming in of a Peruvian rising, and the Spaniards held themselves ready to repel an assault on their camp at an instant's warning. The guard was doubled; the soldiers slept on their arms; and De Soto was sent to reconnoitre the country in the direction where the hostile force was supposed to be gathering.

A great clamour now rose in the camp against the poor Inca. The officers and soldiers loudly de-

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Despite the protests of a few of the Spaniards, he was found guilty, and was sentenced, as a heathen, to be burned in the centre of the square.

For a moment Atahualpa seemed overcome by the decision of his judges. Tears rolled slowly down his swarthy cheeks; and, turning to Pizarro, he said in a beseeching tone,—

“What have I done to be doomed to such a fate?—and from you too, who have been befriended and welcomed by my subjects, and with whom I have shared my riches! Even I, the once mighty Inca of Peru, implore you to spare my life.”

Pizarro blushed, and turned away. Even his stern heart was reproved and melted. But his resolve was not shaken.

The sun had gone down, and it was quite dark, when the Inca, chained hand and foot, was slowly led from his quarters to the centre of the square. Once more his face was calm, and his bearing proud and kingly. At this last moment he disdained to show emotion, or to plead again for life and liberty. He stepped as firmly and with as much dignity as if he had been leading a procession to the Temple of the Sun.

The square, lit up by flickering torches which were held by lines of soldiers ranged around it, presented a weird and awe-striking scene.

The Inca reached the fatal stake, to which he was securely bound; and the fagots were piled around him till they reached his waist.

At this moment the monk Vicente advanced, and urged Atahualpa to renounce idolatry, and become a Christian.



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## CHAPTER XV.

## PIZARRO CAPTURES CUZCO.

THE poor Inca had scarcely been buried when De Soto returned from the expedition which he had undertaken to find out whether there really was a Peruvian army advancing against the Spaniards.

Pizarro then learned, too late, that he had put Atahualpa to death on a false accusation. De Soto had found no army gathered for a hostile purpose. The country was everywhere quiet, and he had met with nothing but friendly welcome wherever he had gone. It was clear that there was no intention of attacking the Spaniards, and that Atahualpa had not instigated any resistance to them.


This news filled Pizarro with shame and regret ; but reflecting that he could no longer restore Atahualpa to life, and that, after all, he would always have been dangerous had he been spared, the conqueror tried to drive the dead Inca from his thoughts, and to turn his attention to the task yet before him.

It happened that among the Peruvian prisoners at Caxamalca was a young brother of Atahualpa. His name was Toparca ; and he was a mild and

gentle person, who easily submitted to the strong will of Pizarro. This prince, Pizarro resolved to declare the successor of his brother, as Inca of Peru. He thought it wise and prudent that there should be a new Inca, and that he should be under his control. The true heir to the throne was Manco, who, like Huascar, was a half-brother of Atahualpa; but Manco was in another part of the empire, and Pizarro knew too little of him to acknowledge him as Inca.

So young Toparca was duly crowned in the great square with the diadem of scarlet fringe, the token of Peruvian sovereignty, which had been snatched from Atahualpa's brow; and the Peruvians were all brought before him, and required to do him humble homage as their future ruler.

At last the time had arrived to resume the career of conquest which had been so brilliantly begun. Pizarro found that he now had at his disposal a force of not less than five hundred veteran soldiers, of whom one hundred and sixty were cavalry. They were well armed, and used to hardship; and one and all were eager to push forward in pursuit of the almost limitless



came two litters, borne upon the shoulders of sturdy Peruvians, and bearing Toparca and Challcuchima, who were surrounded by a gayly-dressed crowd of attendants, as if they were still potentates, instead of being the puppets of Pizarro.

The Spanish army must have looked finely, as the horsemen, with their glistening sabres and helmets, curvetted and caracoled along the broad and even high-road, and as the ranks of the infantry, in brightly-polished cuirasses, and with their long guns, marched vigorously forward in perfect line ; while a confused troop of Peruvians, attached to the force as guides or servants, walked on either side, and brought up the rear.

There was now but little rough climbing by narrow paths over forbidding crags and up well-nigh impassable steepes ; for, though much of the way was among the mountains, the great road of the Incas rendered the passage of even the difficult places comparatively easy. The march of the army was mainly across pleasant and smiling valleys, elevated plains that overlooked fairy-like prospects, or by zigzag windings through gorges and over mountain-spurs. Sometimes the Spaniards reached heights where they shivered with the cold ; but they speedily left them for more genial regions below. At the end of the day's journey they always found themselves at some town where there was ample accommodation and shelter, where they could rest their weary limbs beneath ample roofs, and where there never lacked an abundance of provisions.

Nor did Pizarro for many days perceive any signs of

1. The first part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. It is found that the crisis had a significant negative impact on the economies of the Asian countries, particularly on the economies of the newly industrialized countries (NICs). The second part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. It is found that the crisis had a significant negative impact on the economies of the Asian countries, particularly on the economies of the newly industrialized countries (NICs). The third part of the paper is a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. It is found that the crisis had a significant negative impact on the economies of the Asian countries, particularly on the economies of the newly industrialized countries (NICs).

resolved to rest a while at Xauxa, and to establish a garrison there.

Meanwhile the valiant De Soto was once more sent out to reconnoitre the country in advance of them. Taking sixty sturdy cavalymen armed to the teeth, he proceeded rapidly over the great road, confident of overcoming any resistance he might encounter.

De Soto had not gone far before he was called upon to match Spanish valour against that of the Peruvians. Everywhere he found that the villages had been burned and deserted, the road choked up with trees, the bridges torn down, and the treasure carried off. One day, when he was riding at the head of his horsemen through a narrow craggy pass, he was suddenly surprised by a number of Peruvians, who fell fiercely upon him from every side. For a time it seemed as if the destruction of his whole force was inevitable. They were completely hemmed in; and the arrows and spears fell upon them like rain, maddening the horses, and wounding the men. But De Soto did not despair. Crying out to his soldiers to plunge forward, he broke through the dense ranks of the enemy, and safely gained an open plain.

But the danger was not yet over. The Peruvians emerged from the mountain defiles in formidable numbers, and seemed bent on renewing the attack. De Soto lost no time in sending a message to Pizarro, apprising him of his danger; and happily, before the Peruvians were ready to again assail him, the grateful shades of night fell upon the scene.

Dawn was just breaking when De Soto's party, who had been sleeping soundly despite their danger

heard the dinon-notes of bugles echoing among the hills. They responded by the same means; and their hearts beat high with joy as they saw Almagro at the head of a large company of cavalry gallop out of the mountains, hastening to their aid.

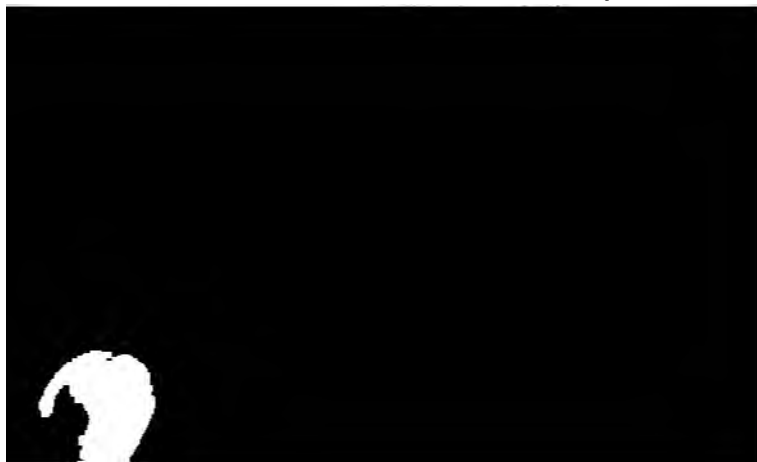
No sooner did the Peruvians see the increased force of the strangers, than they availed themselves of a thick fog which hung over the hills to make their escape.

De Soto and Almagro then leisurely advanced over the plain, encamped their soldiers in a good defensive position, and sent word to Pizarro that they would wait for him where they were.

Pizarro was greatly incensed when he heard of the attack made upon De Soto's party. He had hoped to reach Cuzco without resistance; and he at once expelled the old general Challeuchima, who was still with him, of having secretly instigated the assault upon De Soto.

Turning Challeuchima before him, he sternly rebuked him with this, and added,—

"You are to not cause the Peruvians to lay down



and to hold the place against the hostile Peruvians. After a brief march, the main body rejoined De Soto, whom they found perfectly safe where he had posted himself.

Pizarro now thought it prudent to get rid of the old chief Chalcuchima. He brought him to trial, and, after a hasty hearing, condemned him to be burned alive. A friar named Valverde then attempted to convert the condemned man to Christianity; but the veteran quietly shook his head, saying,—

“I do not understand the religion of the white men.”

He was then led out, and tied to the fatal stake. No appearance of emotion altered his wrinkled features. He was calm and silent; and, as the flames glided up and enveloped his venerable form, he cast his eyes heavenward, as if appealing to the sun, which shone brightly down, to reward him for his sufferings with heavenly joys.

Thus was the career of Pizarro stained with one more act of barbarous cruelty. Not long after Chalcuchima's execution, a brilliant array of Peruvians was seen approaching the Spanish camp. As they came nearer, it was evident that they were persons of high rank. They were attired in fine cloths, and gold and jewels glittered on their persons. There was no sign, moreover, that they were advancing with a hostile intention.

Pizarro, with several of his officers, went promptly forward to meet them. A fine-looking young man, with large, dark eyes, more richly dressed than the




others, stepped out of the group, and, bowing to Pizarro, addressed him.

"I am Manco," said he, "the brother of the murdered Huascar, and the true Inca of Peru. I come to you, not as an enemy, but as a friend, to seek your aid and protection in my attempt to regain my rightful throne."

"You are right welcome," returned Pizarro, heartily, rejoiced to find once more an Inca in his power. "Go with us, and you shall obtain your royal rights."

The young prince and his attendants at once joined the train of the Spaniards, and together they marched rapidly forward towards Cuzco. The greater part of the way had now been traversed; and one afternoon Pizarro, riding at the head of his little army, came suddenly, by a turn in the road, in full sight of the noble capital of the Incas. At last the goal of his weary journey was before him: it only remained to enter, and take possession of the ancient and beautiful city founded by the Children of the Sun.

It was so near dark, that Pizarro thought it wise to defer his entrance into Cuzco until morning. His



city devoted to his worship, when the army of adventurers was formed, in disciplined order, to enter its gates. Pizarro divided his forces in three bodies, the cavalry, under De Soto, forming the van. The centre division was led by the commander himself, and the rear by one of his brothers. In this order the command was given to march; and the troops, their armour glistening in the sunlight, their plumes waving in the fresh morning air, their banners flying and flapping, and their trumpets sending clear, loud blasts among the hills, advanced with sturdy step into the streets of Cuzco.

The streets were crowded with an immense crowd of Peruvians, attired in the most brilliant variety of colour; their curious head-gear, indicating the province from which each came, especially attracting the attention of the Spaniards. The multitude seemed dazed at the appearance of the strangers, but not at all disposed to resent their entrance. The young prince Manco was carried at Pizarro's side on a litter; and, as he passed, he was greeted with the shouts of the people, who hailed him as their sovereign.

Pizarro marched directly to the great public square in the centre of the city. On the way, the Spaniards were exceedingly struck by the noble edifices, the towers and temples, the palaces and vast private residences, the well-built streets crossing each other at right angles, the blooming gardens, the brightly-painted walls, the sparkling river which ran directly through the city, spanned by handsome stone bridges, and, looming on a crag high above the houses, the frowning fortress of the Incas.

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thus played away in a week the fortune he had won by long hardship and suffering, and found himself a beggar again.

One of the first things that Pizarro did, after gaining full possession of Cuzco, was to cause the young prince Manco to be crowned, with all state and pageantry, as Inca of Peru.

All the ancient ceremonies attending the coronation of an Inca were scrupulously performed. Manco's brow was encircled with the "borla," or red fringe; his nobles and soldiers paid him the wonted homage; his accession was loudly proclaimed by the royal heralds; and Manco and his real master Pizarro pledged each other's health in brimming golden goblets of Peruvian wine. Meanwhile the light-hearted people of Cuzco feasted, sang, and danced as of old, forgetting that they were thus celebrating the conquest and servitude of their native land.

Pizarro's energies were indefatigable. No sooner did he thus find himself in full and undisputed possession of Cuzco than he began to establish himself and his comrades as the rulers of Peru. He set up a new government in Cuzco, of which two of his brothers were members. He retained a show of the ancient customs and institutions of the empire; but he secured the real power for the Spaniards. He took for himself the title of "governor;" and feeling that much of his power over his soldiers was due to their religious enthusiasm, and that the belief that it was a pious work to convert the heathen even by force of arms had done much to achieve the conquest, he caused a cathedral to be built upon the public square,

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE CITY OF THE KINGS.

PEDRO DE ALVARADO was a cavalier of renown, who had been one of the lieutenants of Cortez in his conquest of Mexico, and had distinguished himself by many deeds of daring and valour. At the time of Pizarro's conquest he was Governor of Guatemala, in Central America. It was with glistening eyes and beating heart that this Alvarado heard the stories of Pizarro's fortune, of the fabulous wealth he had found and seized, and of the ease with which, once across the Cordilleras, he had completed the conquest of the Peruvians.

These stories fired Alvarado's ambition, and lust of gold. He hastened to recruit a force of five hundred men, got together a fleet of twelve large ships, and embarked for the southern coast. He knew that Pizarro had royal authority to take possession of Peru ; but he pretended to think that this authority did not give Pizarro the right to conquer the northern kingdom of Quito. This he proposed to conquer himself.

Alvarado and his forces landed at the Bay of Carques, and at once took their march across the

was not easily discouraged by an unforeseen obstacle. Though now growing old, he was still full of pluck and vigour. He set out promptly in the direction whither Benalcazar had gone, and, after a long march, found him at last with his troops at a town called Riobamba, which Benalcazar had attacked and taken in the hope of seizing some golden treasure for himself. Benalcazar had no thought of resisting Almagro ; and, joining their forces on some table-lands near Riobamba which lay directly in Alvarado's path, they awaited his coming.

It was not long before Alvarado and his soldiers made their appearance. Both armies were drawn up, and confronted each other in battle array. But, before the conflict began, the two chiefs thought it wise to meet, and attempt a reconciliation. While Almagro was talking with Alvarado in his tent, the soldiers on both sides mingled freely together ; and Alvarado's followers, dazzled by the stories told by the others, were eager rather to go with them to Cuzco as friends, and share their good luck, than to fight them as foes.

Alvarado, too, was persuaded that it was not for his interest to defy Pizarro. Almagro offered him a sum of money that was in itself a large fortune if he would give up his enterprise, and make over to Pizarro his ships, stores, and troops. The invader at last accepted the offer : the two little armies joined ranks, and marched southward together in the friendliest manner possible.

Pizarro had meanwhile left Cuzco with a considerable force, and, taking the young Inca with him, had

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amid a soft, even, and temperate climate, refreshed by gentle south-west breezes from the Pacific, and cooler currents from the snowy mountain-crests, Pizarro founded, in January, 1535, what he named as "The City of the Kings;" but we now know it as Lima, still the most beautiful city on the Pacific coast of South America. An army of Spanish soldiers and Peruvian artisans was set to work laying the foundations, and building up the new capital. The whole country round about was alive with the busy labour of the builders. Streets crossing each other at right angles, wide and straight, quickly grew up on the sunny plain; a noble public square was laid out, on the sides of which rose a lofty cathedral, a palace for Pizarro himself, and many other public edifices. The city was surrounded by a massive wall, twelve feet high and ten thick, made of dried clay, to resist not only hostile attacks, but the throes of earthquakes; and a bridge of five arches, with seats on the piers for the people to sit upon, spanned the Rimac.

Pizarro remained on the spot to overlook the building of his new capital. He went every day through the fast-growing streets, inspected the ramparts and buildings as they rose higher and higher, and always had a pleasant and encouraging word for the groups of workmen as they toiled.

Meanwhile he was puzzled to know what to do with his friend Almagro. He knew well that he had agreed to share his conquest with that valiant little cavalier, and that he had not by any means done him justice. So he sent Almagro back to Cuzco, and gave him authority to fit out an expedition, and to invade



could be our plans for further conquest should be discussed.

After dividing the treasure taken from Atahualpa at Cuzco, Pizarro had sent his brother Hernando with the fifth of it due to the Duke of Alba back to Spain. Hernando arrived at home with the utmost cordiality; the emperor welcomed him with great honour, begged to receive so much gold, and distributed it as he pleased; and, when he had done so, conferred on Pizarro the governorship, granted him power to make conquests further southward, and created him himself a knight and an officer of his majesty.

The emperor's favours did not stop here; he gave Hernando leave to raise and equip troops, and ordered his officers to aid him in this. Besides these favours to the Pizarros, the emperor granted Almagro the right to make conquests within miles south of Pizarro's government. That Hernando had brought, and the th

privations and sufferings awaited his company. They found no food on their arrival; and, before food could reach them, large numbers died of actual starvation. Many of them returned to Spain; others struggled on, and finally reached Peru; and among the latter was a friend of Almagro, who carried him the tidings of the grant which the emperor had made to him.

Almagro, though he had professed the strongest friendship for Pizarro ever since his arrival at Caxamalca, really felt aggrieved that Pizarro, instead of dividing equally with him the territory and riches of Peru, took the lion's share of both. His disappointment and anger at this bad treatment had all along rankled in his breast. When, therefore, he learned that the emperor had given him the right to conquer and govern the country south of that ruled by Pizarro, he resolved to show his temper and independence. Being now in command at Cuzco, he claimed that that city itself lay within the territory conceded to him by the emperor; and this brought about a bitter quarrel between him and Pizarro's two brothers Juan and Gonzalo, who were at Cuzco, and who had commanded the city until Almagro's arrival.

Pizarro heard of Almagro's new pretensions with great alarm. He sent to his brothers in all haste, and told them to resume their command of the city; and, learning that the dispute became more fierce every day, he soon followed his messenger, and himself hurried to Cuzco.

The governor was received with joy both by his brothers and by the natives. He treated Almagro



him, while appearing to enjoy the dignity and authority of his royal ancestors. But Manco was really a proud and courageous youth. In secret he repined at his abject condition. He mourned the humiliation and oppression of his mild and thrifty people. He rebelled at heart against the arrogant despotism of the stranger. He could not see without rage and horror the temples desecrated, the palaces pillaged, and the riches of his country carried away by the cargo to a foreign land. During Pizarro's absence on the coast, Manco formed the bold resolution to escape from his Spanish masters, to summon the down-trodden Peruvians to his standard, and to lead them himself against the oppressors. For some time he sent secret messages to the chiefs in different parts of the empire, with whom he planned a great revolt. When this plan was ripe, Manco made ready to fly from Cuzco.

One night he disguised himself as a peasant, and at a favourable moment slipped out of the palace, and made his way rapidly through by-streets into the suburbs. This he was able to do the more easily, as Juan and Gonzalo Pizarro, his guardians, had grown careless in watching him, and were busy looking after the plunder they were constantly collecting in the city.

Manco, with one or two faithful attendants, hastened to a thicket of low brush two or three miles from Cuzco, where he intended to remain concealed until his chiefs could join him. He had scarcely reached this shelter, however, when the galloping of horses was heard ; and, before the young Inca could conceal

himself, Juan Pizarro rode into several horsemen, and arrested him.

It appears that certain Peruvians to Manco, had suspected his design; and no sooner had he escaped, than Juan.

Manco was at once taken to the looking the city, where he was in strong guard.

It was at this moment that Hernando brother of the conspirator who had killed the emperor's share of the treasure. After visiting the governor's house, he repaired to Cuzco, on which

Hernando, though by nature a stern man towards his own soldiers, gentle of all the Spaniards in his to Peruvians. He alone had succeeded in friendship of poor Atahualpa, and had his own Inca's execution. On his return with the same aim to achieve the

among yonder mountains ; and, if you will send me thither with a small escort, I will speedily bring all this treasure to you."

Hernando's insatiable love of gold disarmed his usual caution. Forgetting the Inca's previous escape, he let him go as he proposed, sending two Spaniards with him. Once more Manco found himself free ; nor did he hesitate to avail himself of the opportunity. Ten days elapsed, and Hernando still awaited in vain his return with the promised treasure. Then Hernando became alarmed, and sent out his brother Juan, at the head of sixty horsemen, in search of the royal fugitive.

Juan rode at full gallop out upon the high road, directing his way straight towards the mountains. He had not gone more than six or eight miles when he met the two Spaniards who had accompanied Manco returning in all haste to the city.

" Captain," they cried, " go no farther ! The Peruvians have risen by thousands, and are preparing to march on Cuzco. The mountains are swarming with warriors. From every direction they are flocking to the Inca's standard. He is in their midst, and will lead them against us."

Despite this startling news, Juan resolved to advance some distance farther. On reaching a river, he saw on the opposite bank a great number of Peruvian troops. With all the rashness and fire of a Pizarro, he plunged his horse into the stream, and his comrades promptly followed him. Climbing the opposite bank, they set fiercely upon the Peruvians, and, after a hot fight, succeeded in driving them back among the hills. Juan then encamped upon the plain.

The next morning a sight which might well fill him with dismay greeted his eyes. Looking towards the mountains, he saw the defiles swarming with thousands of Peruvian warriors; and presently he was assailed by clouds of javelins and arrows. He fought manfully, and succeeded in keeping his numbers well in tow. But perceiving that the enemy was constantly increasing, he at last ordered his army to cross the river, and retreated to the other side. At this juncture he received a messenger from Hernando, urging him to return to the coast, and apprising him that Cuzco was now besieged by an immense army of Peru-

vians. But he saw that this was but a ruse, and that he was completely surrounded by the enemy's forces. But he dashed forward, and, fighting his way right and left, succeeded in escaping from the peril.

He then crossed the river, and the Spaniards; and he fled to the sea-coast, where he was welcomed by the threatened ruin of

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE SIEGE OF CUZCO.

AS the next morning dawned, and the brothers looked from their watch-towers, the city seemed enveloped, as far as eye could reach, by a mighty multitude of Peruvian braves. The plains, valleys, and hilltops seemed covered with them; while the wild warlike music that resounded from their camps, and the fierce cries that every now and then arose among them, could not but make even the valiant Spaniards shudder.

Hernando had a force of only two hundred men, including both cavalry and infantry, and a thousand Peruvians, who, though devoted to the conquerors, could be of but little use in an encounter with such an army as was gathered around the city. To attack the besiegers was useless; he could only wait until succour came from outside.

But it soon became apparent that the enraged besiegers did not intend to wait to starve out the Spaniards. They attacked the city from every side with intense ferocity. Showers of arrows, stones, and spears, rained upon every street and building. But this was not the worst. The assailants shot into the



A high-contrast, black and white image showing a dense, repeating pattern of the word "LOVE" in a stylized, blocky font, arranged in a grid-like fashion. The text is oriented diagonally, creating a strong sense of movement and rhythm. The background is white, and the letters are solid black, resulting in a stark, graphic effect. The pattern is composed of many individual "LOVE" words, each slightly offset from the others, creating a textured, almost woven appearance. The overall composition is minimalist yet visually striking due to the repetition and alignment of the text.

To retake the great fortress was now an absolute necessity. It seemed an impossible task ; for the ramparts rose on a steep crag on the side of Cuzco, and could only be reached by storming it in the rear. But Hernando resolved that the attempt should be made, and to his heroic brother Juan he committed the dangerous duty of making it.

Juan set out about sunset with a picked body of cavalry. Deceiving the enemy by the direction in which he sallied from the city, he suddenly turned, rapidly marched to the rear of the fortress, and fearlessly assailed it. The conflict was long, desperate, and bloody. The brave Juan always appeared at the head of his men, wielding his sword with the strength of a giant, and dealing deadly havoc among the foe. The parapet was taken ; and Juan, springing upon it, shouted to his men to follow. At this moment a large stone, hurled at him with enormous force, struck him on the head. He fell with a groan, but soon rose on his knees, and continued to urge his men forward. The blow was a fatal one. Juan was taken back to Cuzco, and after lingering some days, died in his brother's arms.

After a most heroic and protracted contest, the great fortress was taken. But the Spaniards were still in a desperate position. Weeks had passed and no succour came. They heard with a shudder that the whole country had risen ; that Pizarro, instead of being able to come to their relief, was himself in danger ; and that reinforcements were constantly being added to the besieging army. To add to the horror of their position, food began to fail them. The

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whether any Spaniard would escape alive from Peru. The soldiers he still had with him clamoured to return to Panama ; which was yet possible, for several ships rode at anchor at the mouth of the Rimac. But Pizarro's stout soul was not subdued even by the disasters and perils which surrounded him on every hand. Instead of using the ships to retreat from his hard-won conquest, he sent them back to Panama and Guatemala with the most earnest appeals to the governors of those places for aid. He begged them to despatch troops, and save the wealth, power, and honour of the Spanish dominion in Peru : and promised Alvarado, who had come as his enemy, and returned his friend, to share all the conquests they might thenceforth make together.

While Pizarro was making these frantic efforts to restore his imperilled fortunes, the devoted garrison of Cuzco held out manfully. They bore their privations like heroes, and neglected no opportunity, miserable as was their situation, to deal a blow at their besiegers. By their obstinacy they finally wore out the Inca and his army. After Cuzco had been beleaguered for five months, Manco, finding it difficult to feed so enormous a body of troops, and anxious that the fields should be sown, sent home large numbers of his soldiers, while he remained before Cuzco with the rest.

The Spaniards at once availed themselves of this relaxation of the enemy's hold. They sallied in bold bands out of the city, scoured the country around, gathered grain and other provisions, and returned laden with these welcome stores to their quarters. They attacked the Peruvians again and again, ruth-

the young Inca Manco. It was  
Manco's quarters were in a lofty  
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## CHAPTER XVIII.

## ALMAGRO'S REVOLT.

**A**LMAGRO, when the Peruvians thus attacked the Spaniards at Cuzco, was far on his way southward with his stalwart band of adventurers. The plucky little cavalier, though now nearly seventy years old, and enfeebled by disease as well as age, was resolved, if possible, to make a conquest as rich as that of Pizarro; and he pushed bravely on, in the hope of finding in the south another golden land like Peru.

His hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. For a while, he and his men advanced cheerily along the great highway that led from Cuzco to the southern limits of the Inca's empire; but as soon as they left it, and entangled themselves in the rude and savage mountain-passes, their progress was slow and painful.


It was not long before they began to endure terrible sufferings. It grew so bitterly cold, that their fingers and toes froze, and dropped off. In those dreary and desolate wilds they could find no food; and the poor fellows were at last reduced to feed upon the corpses of their horses, while the Peruvians who were with them devoured their comrades who fell dead from

hunger or cold by the wayside. Everywhere they went, they found that the natives had burned their huts and provisions, and had fled from the pathway of the stranger.

The few Peruvians that Almagro succeeded in capturing he subjected to the most ferocious cruelties. He forced them to carry his ammunition and clothing; and, when they resisted, he caused them to be burned alive.

After going a distance of three hundred miles, and failing to find any of the treasure he hoped to obtain, Almagro was forced to turn back, and march northward again. His expedition was a sad failure, and the only desire of his suffering soldiers was to get back safely to Peru. In returning, they were forced to cross a dreary desert; but the prospect of once more reaching a land of riches and plenty buoyed them up, and they pushed rapidly forward towards Cuzco.

When Almagro had come within about a hundred and fifty miles of that city, he heard the news of the Peruvian rising, and of the siege of Cuzco. It at



sent to Manco, and asked for an interview with him. The young Inca received Almagro in his camp, and pretended to welcome him as a friend; but no sooner had the Spanish chief departed than the Peruvians prepared to resist him.

Manco marched against him with no less a force than fifteen thousand warriors. But the doughty Almagro was prepared for him. After a sharp battle, the Peruvians were repulsed and routed.

Almagro now resolved to lose no time in attacking Hernando Pizarro at Cuzco. Advancing with his brave little army upon the city, he availed himself of a dark, tempestuous night to storm it. He found but little opposition. The force under Hernando had greatly dwindled during the long siege, and Almagro took possession of the great square almost without the shedding of a drop of blood.

Among his officers was a very brave and energetic cavalier, who was faithfully devoted to Almagro's cause. The name of this cavalier was Orgonez.

Orgonez no sooner found himself in Cuzco, than, choosing a band of tried soldiers, he hastened to the palace where Hernando Pizarro and his brother Gonzalo had their quarters. Both Almagro and Orgonez heartily hated Hernando, whose haughty bearing and domineering temper had often deeply offended them. Orgonez attacked the palace furiously; but Hernando was defended by a gallant company of about twenty men, who desperately resisted the attack.

At last Orgonez, finding that he could not take the palace, ordered his soldiers to set fire to it.



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quickly led his men into the shallow water for a sharp fight with those who were on the ford (in the course of which he himself was wounded in the mouth), succeeded in crossing on the opposite shore. Alvarado saw what was going on, and hastened down too late, to defend the passage of the ford. Almagro, seizing his chance, forced his way across the bridge, fell upon Alvarado in the rear, and in a brief though desperate encounter, defeated him, and took a large number of his soldiers

While Pizarro remained at Lima, the "Children of the Kings," impatiently awaiting the aid he had summoned from Panama and Guatemala.

Living in this distressing suspense for several months which seemed an age to him, his eyes were opened with the arrival of some ships, which brought a goodly re-enforcement of soldiers, and besides, laden with cargoes of provisions, ammunition, and clothing. The soldiers were under the command of a renowned cavalier named Espinosa, who heartily devoted himself to Pizarro's service.

Pizarro hastened to organise another army for the purpose of marching to Cuzco and raising the siege of the Inca. Though he had grown sick of war, and longed to live in peace in his new city, which was now built, and was fast being filled up by Spanish settlers, his dauntless soul could not rest until he had crushed all opposition to his rule.

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Almagro's constant companion in prison, and he passed the time by gambling. In this game Almagro won a large sum of money from Pizarro, but, when the latter offered to pay him, Almagro refused to take it. This made Pizarro his friend, and he was destined to do more than one valuable service.

With a formidable body of troops, Almagro marched into the country, and soon made his appearance in the lovely valley where Lima, Pizarro's capital, stood.

Almagro had no sooner learned Pizarro's near approach than he sent a gentle message to him, inviting an interview. To this Almagro consented.

One balmy afternoon in November, the two chiefs, once such devoted friends, but now at heart, met on the verdant banks of the river, each surrounded by a picked band of followers.

Almagro, as soon as he saw Pizarro, stepped forward with a smile on his lips, and held out both his hands, as if to welcome the other with all his old cordiality; but Pizarro, setting himself up proudly, put his hands behind his back and made a cold and haughty bow. Then, looking upon Almagro with flashing eyes, he ex-

"—  
You have you seized my city of Cuzco, and you have put my brothers into prison? What means this armament that you have brought hither?"

Almagro replied sharply that Cuzco was his by right and that he was resolved to defend it. The conversation grew warmer and warmer, until the cavaliers

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them, and had by this means procured Hernando's freedom. But now he proposed to break his pledges, and to send Almagro word that he did not intend to fulfil his agreement. At first Hernando, who had been so leniently dealt with by Almagro, objected to this ; but his voice was overcome by that of the other cavaliers, who one and all clamoured to march against the other camp.

As soon as Almagro received Pizarro's message that he would not abide by the treaty, he hastened to retreat from the valley, and to get back to Cuzco as quickly as he could. He feared every moment, lest, unprepared as he was, Pizarro should attack him ; and he was anxious to reach the capital before his enemy.

Poor Almagro was in a sad plight. He was now not only old, but broken down by a long-lingering and incurable disease. At this critical moment in his fortunes he could not even walk, and had to be carried on a litter across the arid deserts and over the rugged and dangerous mountain-passes.

He succeeded, however, in reaching Cuzco before his enemy, and in all haste prepared to defend himself. It was full time ; for he had only been at Cuzco a few days when a formidable array of troops, with armour shining and flags flying, appeared in the dim distance, winding down the mountain-defiles towards the city. It was Hernando Pizarro, to whom his brother had committed the command of the army, while he himself remained at Lima.

At first Almagro thought that he would remain with his force inside Cuzco, and defend it from the fortress and ramparts. But his faithful officer Orgonez per-

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**INDEX**

**Abstract**



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1

together with a furious rush. On the surrounding hills, arms of Peruvians watched with wonder and delight the deadly onset of Spaniard against Spaniard. The conflict raged with desperation. Both Hernando and Orgonez performed prodigies of valour. At last Orgonez fell to the ground, his horse being shot under him. In a moment he was surrounded by a crowd of his enemies. Raising his head proudly, he asked,—

“Is there a knight here to whom I can surrender?”

A mean-looking soldier stepped forward, and held out his hand. Orgonez delivered him his sword. No sooner had he done so than the wretch who received it, drawing a dagger, plunged it into the brave cavalier's heart up to the hilt.

For a moment there was confusion in the ranks of Almagro's soldiers. They had lost their leader. But another, not less valiant, took his place. Lerma put himself at their head, and called aloud to them to follow him into the fray. Enraged at the dastardly deed by which Orgonez had died, Lerma wildly searched over the battle-field for Hernando Pizarro. He thirsted to wreak his vengeance upon him. Hernando, who was as fearless as he, hastened to meet Lerma. They charged full at each other with their lances, and each fell at the shock of the other's weapon. The wounded cavaliers were picked up by their adherents ; and the tide of battle swept between them, and parted them.

As the conflict raged, Almagro, lying upon a litter, watched its course from a hill near by. He knew that upon its result hung his fate. If his soldiers prevailed, he would be master of Peru ; if they were routed, it would be utter ruin to him. What was his agony when



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 3. *What are the implications of these findings?*  
 4. *What are the limitations of the study?*  
 5. *What are the conclusions of the study?*  
 6. *What are the recommendations for future research?*  
 7. *What are the acknowledgments?*  
 8. *What are the references?*  
 9. *What are the appendices?*  
 10. *What are the footnotes?*  
 11. *What are the tables?*  
 12. *What are the figures?*  
 13. *What are the captions?*  
 14. *What are the legends?*  
 15. *What are the abbreviations?*  
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"No!" retorted the wretch: "I will not wait. Now is the moment for my revenge."

With this he plunged a sword deep into the wounded cavalier's body; and Lerma, falling back, and throwing up his arms, expired. Five years after, the ruffian was hung for having committed this dastardly outrage.

Hernando was puzzled to know what to do with his captive Almagro. To set him free would be to kindle anew the fires of civil war between the conquerors of Peru; to keep him in prison was to tempt his adherents to rescue him. Almagro, when he had Hernando in his power, had spared him, in spite of the eager advice of Orgonez to put an end to his life; and Hernando hesitated to repay his generosity by executing his prisoner.

One day he went to visit Almagro in his dungeon. The grey-haired cavalier lay suffering on a pallet of straw. Disease and privation had reduced him to a mere skeleton.

"Cheer up!" said Hernando. "As soon as my brother the governor comes, you shall be released. You shall be sent whither and how you will."

Almagro was comforted by his captor's words, and still more so when Hernando sent him every day the nicest dishes that graced his own table.

But, despite these promises and attentions, Hernando at last resolved that Almagro must die. The old man was amazed, a few days after Hernando's visit to him, to find himself rudely seized by two soldiers, and dragged out of his dungeon. They told him that he was about to be tried for treason and conspiracy. He could scarcely believe his ears.



arrived from the emperor, and all his property he left his sovereign.

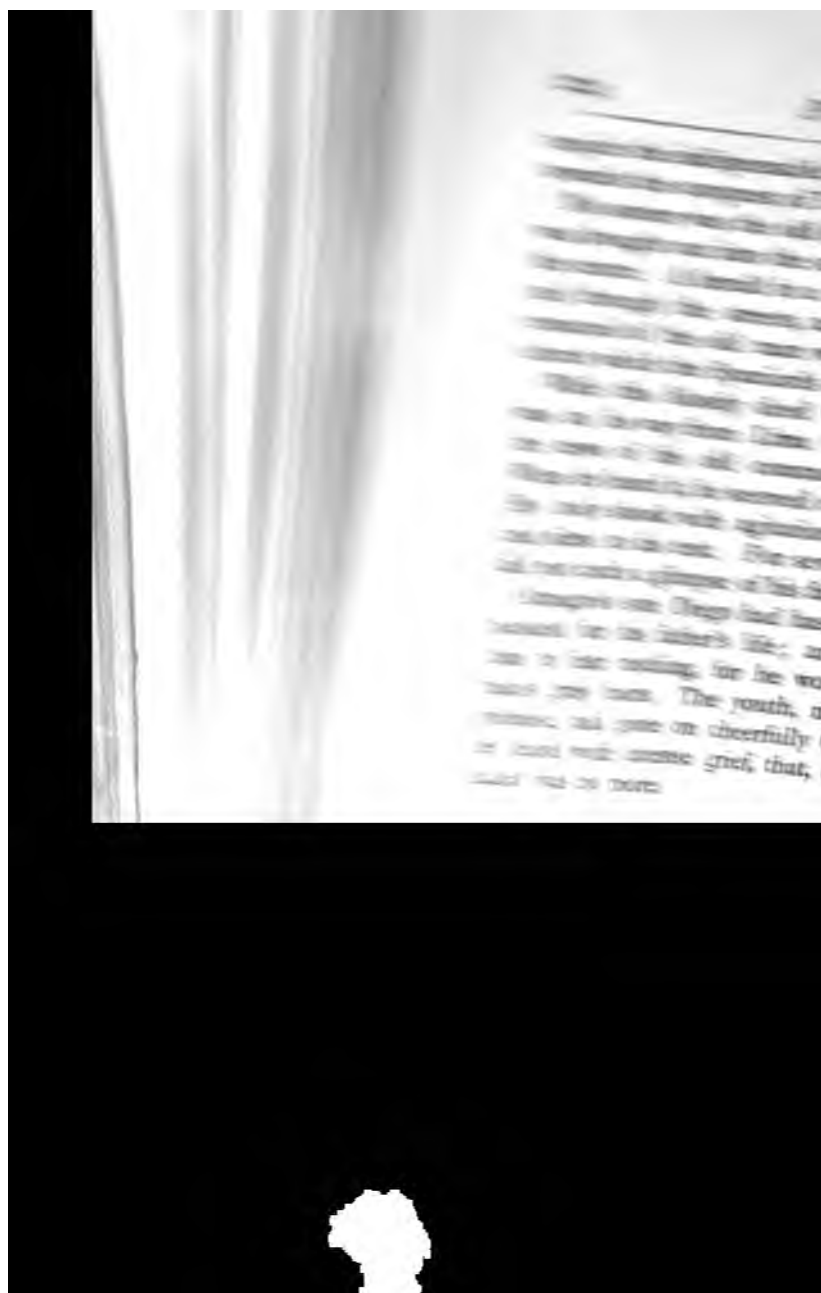
The next day after Almagro's unhappy interview with Hernando, the great square was strongly guarded by several companies of infantry with loaded guns. Hernando feared lest Almagro's friends in Cuzco, hearing of his intended fate, should rise, and seek to prevent it by force of arms; for there were many of his adherents in the city who detested the Pizarros. At the same time, the houses of these adherents were strictly watched.

Almagro was aroused by two persons entering his dungeon. One was a priest, who carried a book, and slowly approached his bedside. The other was a villainous-looking man, who kept his face concealed and who carried something—Almagro could not see what—in his hand.

The priest, in a low voice, urged Almagro to think of his soul, telling him that his hour was come. Then, kneeling beside him, the priest uttered a long and solemn prayer. Rising to his feet, he withdrew to a corner of the prison.

The strange man now came forward, and, without saying a word, bound the miserable old man hand and foot. He fastened the fatal noose around the shrivelled neck, and, leaping behind him, twisted the stick to which the noose was applied. Almagro gasped, quivered, and fell stark and stiff to the ground.

So ended the famous friendship between Almagro and Pizarro. Thus did Pizarro's brother cruelly



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THRILLING ADVENTURES OF GONZALO.

PIZARRO entered Cuzco with great pomp and magnificence. He had not been in the capital of the Incas since he had captured it ; and, in the mean time, many momentous events had happened there. Now the Peruvians seemed once more crushed and disheartened. Almagro's revolt had been subdued : the old chief lay in his grave. It seemed as if there were now no obstacle in the way of Pizarro's absolute rule over the Inca's empire.

Amid the sounding of trumpets and the flying of banners, at the head of a brilliant array of soldiers, he marched through the streets, which still bore evidence of the great conflagration which had swept through them, to the great square. He was attired in a rich suit of velvet, which Cortez had sent him as a present ; he wore a hat from which floated lofty plumes of various colours ; on his fingers and breast jewels glittered ; and although he was somewhat grizzled, and his face clearly betrayed the lines of care and advancing age, he still looked a valiant and stalwart knight.

His first task was to bring order out of the confu-

THESE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE  
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IN THE YEAR 1881. THE RESULTS  
WILL BE FOUND IN THE  
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AND IN THE MAPS OF THE  
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hostile design : so Pizarro sent out his brother Gonzalo, at the head of a large body of troops, to oppose him.

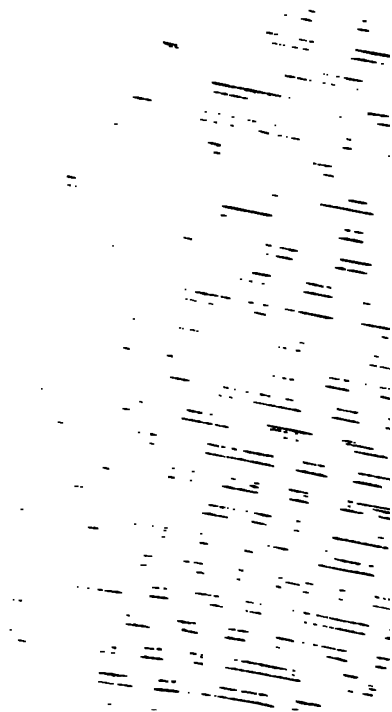
Gonzalo was the sole own brother still left with Pizarro in Peru. Juan had been killed in the siege of Cuzco. Hernando was far on his way to Spain with the emperor's treasure. Alcantara, who remained, was only a half-brother. Gonzalo most of all resembled the conqueror. He was a bold cavalier, a skilful soldier, an admirable horseman, and had a cordial off-hand way with him, that endeared him to his followers. He was, besides, the handsomest of all the Pizarros ; and his noble bearing and kindly manner made him a favourite both in court and camp.

But, with all his spirit and daring, Gonzalo did not succeed in overcoming or capturing the Inca. Every time he met him in the open field, Manco was routed ; but he fled into the mountain fastnesses, whither Gonzalo could not follow him.

Then Pizarro sent envoys to the Inca to see if he could not make peace with him ; but one of his messengers was murdered by the Peruvians, and Pizarro was forced to abandon his attempt.

During all this time, many colonies of Spaniards, from Panama and other settled places farther north, had been pouring into Peru. The stories of the conquest, of the wealth of the country, the fertility of the tropical fields, the excellent harbours, aroused the ambition and enterprise of hundreds, both at the Isthmus and in Spain itself ; and large numbers hastened to avail themselves of the opening afforded





of which he called the "City of Silver," and the other "Arequipa," near the coast.

-- It gladdened the conqueror's heart to see these busy, thriving communities growing up around him. He was now growing old. His hair and beard, once of raven blackness, were grizzled ; his swarthy face was lined with wrinkles ; but his stalwart frame was as erect and noble in bearing as ever. He had taken as the companion of his later years a beautiful Peruvian girl, a daughter of the very Inca Atahualpa whom he had put to death ; and he saw a family of young children growing up around him. Boundless wealth was now his. He lived in a stately palace which he had built for himself on the great square at Lima ; and there he lived in pomp and luxury, surrounded by a multitude of guards and attendants, his apartments adorned with brilliant hangings and rich furniture, and his table provided with the daintiest dishes of Peru, and the finest wines of Spain. Of his riches he was very lavish. He loved to accumulate gold, not to hoard it, but to spend it generously. He provided festivities for the people, and often displayed a royal pageantry before their eyes.

His power, too, seemed absolute. There were now so many Spaniards in Peru, so many strongly fortified towns, and such complete armaments, that the natives were overawed ; and there seemed to be no danger that the Inca, with all his hosts, could ever rid his country of the intruders. Pizarro gave laws to the whole empire. The emperor, on hearing of his conquest, had conferred upon him the title of Marquis ;



statements of danger and conflict. Having got together a force consisting of two hundred foot-soldiers, one hundred and fifty horsemen, and four thousand Indians, he marched rapidly to the foot of the mountains, and began to creep up their rugged defiles.

Soon he and his companions began to suffer all the distresses incident to a wild and strange mountain-region. They clambered painfully over the pathless crags, and through the dense, entangled forests. As they mounted higher and higher, they shivered with cold, which grew at every step more intense ; until, near the summits, they struggled through the heaped-up snow, and across slopes of glaring ice. Scarcely had they begun to descend on the eastern side, when they were horrified by a tremendous shock, which cast many of them suddenly upon the ground. The mountain cracked, and then yawned open ; and sulphurous flames burst through the fissures. It was a terrible earthquake, and every moment Gonzalo expected to be swallowed up with all his company. Escaping this peril, they descended the rugged slopes, to find themselves, below, overwhelmed with a heat as distressing as the cold had been above. Terrific tempests of thunder and lightning broke over their heads, and tornadoes swept across the slopes, which almost carried the adventurers off their feet.

To crown all, their provisions began to give out ; nor, in the wild and desolate country in which they found themselves, could they find any food fit to assuage their hunger. They soon became so famished, that they killed and ate some dogs they had brought with them ; and were finally reduced to chewing herbs

at having found the gold and emeralds which  
gave his spirit the life and courage which  
were upon the point of leaving him. He  
therefore pushed on, and  
after a long time he  
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his men were weary beyond endurance, and that it was almost impossible to carry all the baggage, the idea struck him to build a kind of boat with which to transport the weaker men and their burdens.

Timber was felled, and the shoes of the horses were beaten into rude nails; the gum of the trees served as pitch; and the torn coats of the soldiers were used to fill the seams in the rude vessel. It was soon finished, and ready to be launched upon the river.

Among Gonzalo's chief officers was one named Orellana, who had come from Truxillo, Pizarro's own town. Gonzalo placed the utmost confidence in this man, and confided to him the command of the boat. Having chosen the less hardy half of his force, he caused them to embark with the greater portion of the baggage; and, having ordered Orellana to proceed down the river so slowly that those on shore could keep up with the boat, Gonzalo marched with the rest along the bank.

Their hardships were far from over. Their provisions were now nearly exhausted; and the poor fellows were forced to chew the leather of their belts, and even to eat toads, lizards, and snakes, to keep themselves alive.

In this desperate situation Gonzalo would have turned back, had he not kept hearing that some distance ahead was a flourishing land, watered by a larger river than the Napo, into which the latter emptied. He finally made up his mind to go no farther, but to send Orellana forward with a small force to explore the country beyond, and bring him back word whether

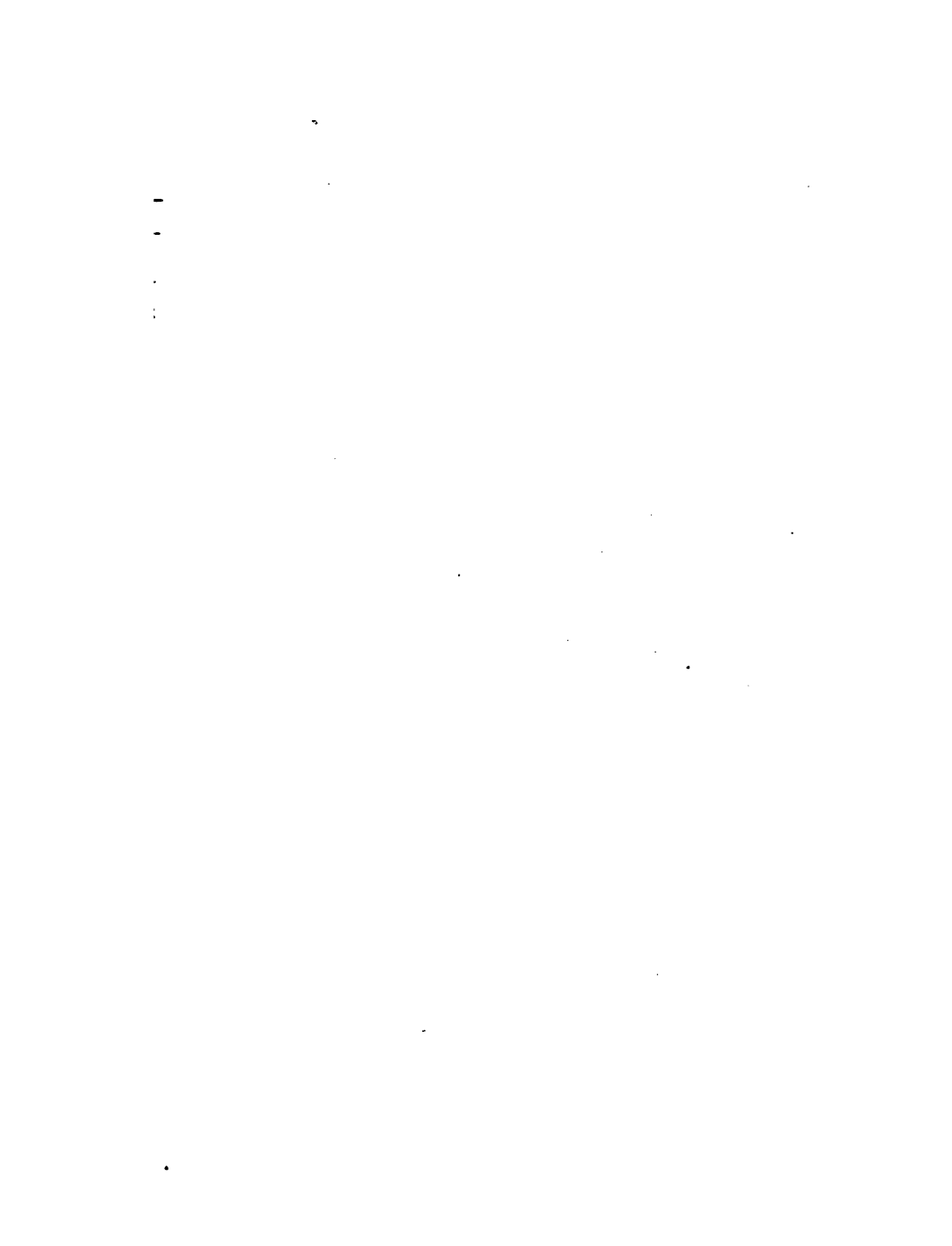
1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what is to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the work.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources and methods needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the objectives are being met.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and identifying any lessons learned for future projects.







SADDLES IN VANGUARD—P. 932

hovering in multitudes on the hills, and edges of the woods.

One day, as Gonzalo was sitting gloomily in the midst of his forlorn camp, he was astonished to see a gaunt, cadaverous-looking white man, his clothes hanging in tatters and strings about his body, come feebly creeping out of the forest. The man was so weak and thin, that he could scarcely drag himself forward. Several of Gonzalo's soldiers hurried up to him, and, supporting him with their arms, brought him to the captain.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Gonzalo, looking earnestly at him. "And how came you, a white man, a Spaniard, in this desolate wilderness?"

"I am Sanchez de Vargas," replied the man faintly; "a cavalier and a soldier, though you see me in this sad plight."

"Ah! I know you well, poor cavalier. You are one of those who went with Orellana. Tell me," added Gonzalo, rising in his eagerness, and peering into the man's face, "where is Orellana?"

"Give me food and drink," returned Vargas, "and let me rest upon this bank, and I will tell you."

Having voraciously swallowed such miserable fare as the camp still provided, Vargas, reclining wearily upon the sward, told the story of Orellana's adventures, and revealed to Gonzalo the dismal news of what had become of him.

"We sailed very rapidly down the river," said he, "and reached this place, the junction of the rivers, in three days. But, when we had got here, we found the country savage and unfruitful, as you see. We were



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for a systematic approach to data collection and the importance of using reliable sources of information.

3. The third part of the document describes the process of identifying and addressing potential risks and challenges. It stresses the importance of proactive risk management and the need to develop effective strategies to mitigate potential threats.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the role of communication and collaboration in achieving the organization's goals. It emphasizes the importance of clear communication and the need for all team members to work together effectively.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions of the study. It reiterates the importance of maintaining accurate records and the need for a systematic approach to data collection and analysis.

Amazon. But he died on the way out ; and his followers, disheartened, returned to their native country.

Nothing remained for Gonzalo, after it became certain that he should not see Orellana again, but to turn his face westward, and make his way back, if possible, over the desolate country and the perilous range of the Cordilleras, to Quito. At first his soldiers, on learning his decision, were in despair. But Gonzalo had all his brother's power of persuasion. The soldiers loved him ; for he always shared their every hardship, and was gentle and indulgent with their faults. He held out to them the prospect of returning to home and comfort, and perhaps riches, so temptingly, that their murmurs soon ceased, and they asked nothing better than that he should lead them back. The trials and difficulties with which the party had to contend on their homeward march may be judged, when it is said that they were more than a year returning to the land of Quito. No peril or distress known to adventure was spared them. Often they were forced to fight for their lives against hordes of swarthy and half-naked savages, who burst suddenly upon them in the densely-wooded ravines, or dashed down upon them from behind sheltering boulders. Many a Spaniard and Peruvian fell wounded and poisoned by their envenomed arrows, and lay writhing in agony till death released them. Nor were the savages their only assailants. Wild beasts howled about their camp at night, and now and then leaped from the boughs or the jungles upon them, tearing their victims limb from limb. Now they were horrified



and receive the loving care of their families ; and almost all who returned survived their hardships, and were restored to health.

But Gonzalo, who had now been away for more than two years, and had not heard a word of news since his departure, was overwhelmed with horror and grief by an event which had taken place during his absence, and which seemed to have completely changed the fortunes of the family of Pizarro. A crushing misfortune had overtaken them, which, it appeared, no energy or courage could retrieve.

A thick fog had  
fallen over the valley, and  
longer way to reach the  
troops. The security was  
no cloud dimmed the horizon of  
But he was quite unconsci-  
ous of the danger, and suddenly, as  
the fog was to burst upon him

The young son of Almagro, Die-  
go, in a horse, rode out the sal-  
tador's house. He was left  
alone, and was to be rescued  
by a party of men and dis-  
cuss. He was alone, there was  
no one else.

fortunes of his young and handsome son. Almagro had made his son the heir to his claim upon Cuzco, and upon an equal share of the conquest of Peru.

All the while that Pizarro was absorbed in the settlements, these friends of Almagro, who one and all detested Pizarro, were engaged in conspiring against him. Diego's house became their common rendezvous, and almost every night a large company of cavaliers met there to plot against the governor. They could not forgive the execution of Almagro, and they were determined to avenge it at the risk of their lives.

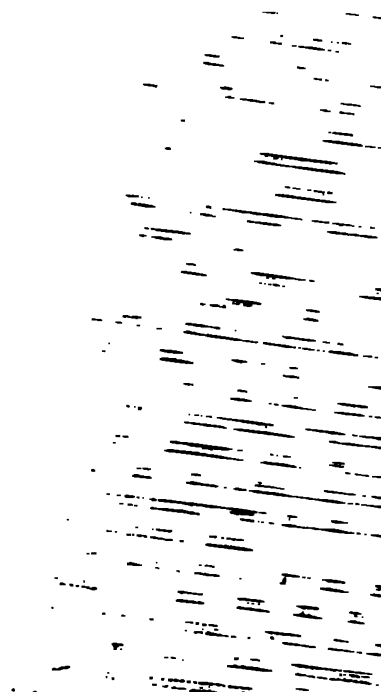
Every now and then Pizarro received hints of these secret meetings, and was warned by his friends of the bitter feeling shared by all of Almagro's party; but he recklessly made light of these alarms, and declared that his enemies were too weak and scattered to be feared.

"Oh, poor wretches!" he would say with a pitying smile; "they have had bad luck enough; we will let them alone."

He neither took any precautions against their hostility, nor did he attempt to win their friendship. He simply treated them with contempt, and went his way, and attended to his affairs, as if they were not in existence.

Among Pizarro's favourites was a man named Picado, his secretary,—a very necessary officer indeed, as Pizarro could neither read nor write. This Picado was a very arrogant, pompous, strutting fellow, who put on a great many airs, and made a great display in his dress. He was especially hateful to Almagro's party, because he never lost an opportunity to ridicule





unday as he was returning to his palace from mass at the cathedral; to strike him down, and assassinate him in the street.

This decided upon, the conspirators separated, to meet again on Sunday morning at Diego's house.

The cavalier who was secretly resolved to balk the conspirators had no sooner parted from the rest than he hastened to a priest, to whom he was in the habit of confessing.

To the priest he disclosed the whole conspiracy. The holy man was startled, and at once hastened to Pizarro's palace. There he met the secretary Picado, and informed him of the danger that threatened his master. Picado carried the story, in great alarm, to Pizarro. What was his amazement when Pizarro broke into a loud laugh!

"Oh, rest easy, Picado!" he cried. "Don't you see that this is a very cunning trick of the priest? All he wants is to be made a bishop!"

Pizarro deemed it prudent, however, to apprise the judge of what he had heard, and to abstain from going to the cathedral on the appointed Sunday morning. The judge, after inquiring into the matter, came to the conclusion that there was no such conspiracy as had been reported; and, reparing to Pizarro, he said,—

"Fear nothing, marquis. No harm shall come to you while I hold the rod of justice in my hands."

On Sunday the conspirators met early at Diego Almagro's house. They were one and all armed to the teeth, and their faces betrayed a dark and stern resolution. Rada went from one to the other to see



the window. At last the congregation issued forth again. They came out slowly as they had gone in ; but it was not long before the cathedral was deserted. A few stragglers alone lingered about the door, or stopped on the great square for a pleasant chat.

Rada, deadly pale, turned and gazed at his confederates. Had Pizarro been warned of their plot ? If so, they were ruined. There was not a moment to be lost. They must decide at once either to make a desperate venture, or to fly for their lives. Several of the cavaliers urged the latter course.

"Perhaps," they said, "Pizarro is still ignorant of our attempt. But he will soon hear of it. Let us make our escape from Lima while we can."

Rada drew himself up, and glared fiercely upon those who thus proposed flight.

"No !" he cried. "It is too late to draw back. We must go on to the end. Let us at once, without an instant's delay, go and attack the tyrant in his palace."

Then, drawing his sword, and striding rapidly to the door, he added,—

"Follow me ! We will issue into the street, declare aloud our intention, and call upon the people to come to our aid."

With this he threw open the door, and rushed out. The others followed their daring leader with one accord.

"Death to the tyrant ! long live the king !" cried Rada as he appeared on the square. A few stragglers stopped, open-mouthed with amazement. In another moment a small crowd had collected ; and several

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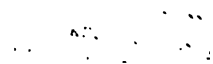
stairs, burst open the doors, and plunged into the apartment

at table, quietly dining with a group of guests. There were Alcantara his half-brother, the judge, the bishop, and his family. Dinner was just finished, and the guests were over the fruit and wine. The servants, and the fierce shouting in the street, drew them from their placid enjoyment. The guests hastened down the stairs, and immediately returned, saying that the house was attacked by traitors.

The judge and one or two others ran out into the street, and let themselves down from the rear, and let themselves down. The judge, as he clambered over the wall, saw the rod of justice, which he had with him, in his hand. It was true that harm only came to the judge no longer "held the rod of justice in his hands."

But the fearless Pizarro did not for a moment think of flight. Rising leisurely from the table, with a calm and an unmoved countenance which contrasted with the pale faces of his guests, he summoned Chaves, one of his men, and ordered him to close and lock the door of the ante-chamber which led into the room where the conspirators were now approaching. "I wish," said he quietly, "to hold the conspirators until Alcantara and I can buckle on our

across the room, he took his armour from the wardrobe and began to incase himself in it. Alcantara





THE DEATH OF PIZARRO. P. 24





voice, "do you come to murder me in my own house?"

For a moment his assailants seemed cowed and stunned by his impetuous attack. But now the brave Alcantara lay writhing and dying on the blood-stained floor. Pizarro's other defenders had also fallen, mortally wounded. He alone maintained himself against the murderers.

Rada, impatient to see his foe still struggling, cried out,—

"Let's have done with this! Death to the tyrant!"

At the same time, seizing one of his comrades, he hurled him bodily upon Pizarro, who seized the man by the throat, and ran him through the heart with his sword. But, as he did this, Rada quickly advanced, and plunged his dagger deep in Pizarro's throat. In an instant four or five swords were buried in the hero's body; and, crying out "Jesu!" Pizarro fell headlong upon the floor.

Gasping for breath, while the blood spurted from his mouth and wounds, he lifted himself upon one elbow, and his fast-glazing eyes glared around him. Then leaning over, and dipping his finger in a pool of his blood, he with difficulty drew a cross on the floor. He bent down, and pressed his lips upon the sacred symbol. One of the conspirators now dealt him a final blow with his sword.

Pizarro sank back: a slight shudder ran through his frame, and he ceased to breathe.

Rada and his followers, waving their blood-streaked swords, ran out into the street, and scattered through the city, shouting,—

empire. While he was sometimes cruel, and too often perfidious, he was also beyond most men impetuous in action, persevering against the most formidable obstacles, temperate in living, lavish with his wealth, possessed of wonderful endurance, noble and soldierly in bearing, self-confident, resolute, and true to his kin and his friends. He is one of the greatest figures in history, and his name must live long as one of the world's foremost heroes.

“Toil and pain,  
Famine and hostile elements, and hosts  
Embattled, failed to check him in his course ;  
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,  
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm  
He overran, and with relentless arm  
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons ;  
And wealth and power and fame were his rewards.”

For many years after Pizarro's death, Peru continued to be the scene of fierce conflicts between rival Spanish aspirants to its rule. War and conspiracy wrought long confusion in the land ; but at last it became once more orderly and settled, and was governed by viceroys sent out by the Spanish monarchs. The native Peruvians never succeeded in restoring their Inca to the throne of his ancestors, the Children of the Sun. The country remained under Spanish dominion for nearly three centuries. It was conquered by Pizarro in 1532, and it became independent of Spain by the success of a revolution which took place in 1821. For the past fifty-seven years Peru has been a republic, in form much like our own. But the beautiful land still retains many vestiges of the long and prosperous reign of the Incas,



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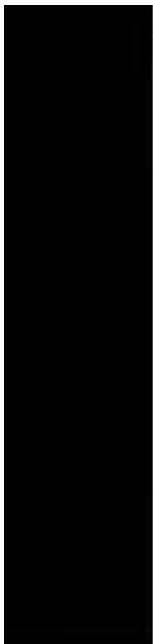
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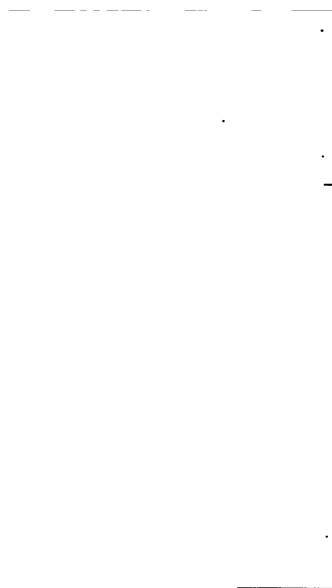
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